

THE MONTH

A Catholic Magazine and Review.

JUNE, 1887.

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AMONGST the Martyrs of the time of Henry the Eighth, who were not depicted on the walls of the English College Church and who are therefore not included in the Decree that gave to fifty-four Martyrs the honours of the Blessed, are three Knights of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. These are Sir Adrian Fortescue and Sir Thomas Dingley, who were beheaded on Tower Hill on the 8th or 10th of July, 1539, and Sir David Gunston, who was hanged, drawn, and quartered at St. Thomas Waterings in Southwark on July 1, 1541. Of these three Martyrs hardly a word has been published by Catholic writers, excepting that Fortescue and Dingley were attainted by Act of Parliament for denying the King's Supremacy; and that Gunston was tried and found guilty of high treason for the same cause. Of Sir Thomas Dingley and Sir David Gunston there is little more, as yet, that can be said; but fortunately modern research, and more especially the labours of Thomas (Fortescue) Lord Clermont, the historian of his family, have put us in possession of a considerable body of information respecting Sir Adrian Fortescue. He comes of an interesting family, of which Lord Clermont modestly says that it is "a fair example of a knightly and noble house of England," and it will be well for us under his guidance to learn something, not only of our Martyr, but of those who went before him and followed after him of his blood and name.

The family tradition is that amongst the warriors in the host of William the Conqueror was the Duke's cup-bearer, Richard le Fort, who at the Battle of Hastings, when his master's horse was killed under him, saved his life by the shelter of his "strong shield." Fort or Forz he is named in the Rolls of Battle Abbey, but henceforward he was called Fort-Escu; and in reference to this event his modern descendents have taken for their motto *Fortē scutum salus ducum*, "A strong shield the safety of leaders." Richard Fort-Escu returned to Normandy, where his line was

continued through his second son and lasted for seven centuries. In England his eldest son, Sir Adam, became the recipient of the Conqueror's bounties, having various grants of land made to him. His seat was at Wimstone in South Devon, and he is the ancestor of all the English Fortescues. His descendants were in succession a second and third Adam and then a William; in the next generation the eldest son was Sir John, and the other two sons, Sir Richard and Sir Nicholas, Knights of St. John, who fought in the Holy Land under Richard Cœur de Lion. The line of the eldest sons was continued by a Sir Richard, three more Adams, and four Williams. With the last of these, who was married in 1394, our interest in the main line of the family ceases, for his brother Sir John, who in 1422 was Governor of Meaux in France, is the ancestor of the branch of the family with which we are concerned. He had three sons, the eldest, Sir Henry, was Lord Chief Justice of Common Pleas in Ireland in 1426; the second was Sir John, the famous Chancellor Fortescue, from whom Earl Fortescue and Lord Clermont descend; and the third Sir Richard, who was killed at the Battle of St. Alban's in 1455. The youngest of these three distinguished men was the grandfather of the Venerable Adrian Fortescue.

We have not paused to mention points of interest connected with these ancestors of our Martyr, as that Sir John, his great-grandfather, fought at Agincourt. But we cannot pass in silence the Chancellor, Sir John Fortescue, Sir Adrian's great-uncle, one of whose legal works he has converted into a relic by transcribing it with his own hand. The title by which he is best known is that of Chancellor, but it was in the office of Lord Chief Justice of England, which he held for eighteen years, that his high legal reputation was made. To this he was appointed in 1442, when he was forty-six or forty-eight years old, and he had then been King's Serjeant twelve years and a law student some sixteen years before that. We may presume from the general use of the title that he really was Lord Chancellor of England. He certainly had held the title of that office when he was in exile with Henry the Sixth, whose fortunes he shared; but he was still Chief Justice when he fought by Henry's side on Palm Sunday, 1461. On the utter overthrow of the Lancastrians at the bloody Battle of Towton, he withdrew to Durham and afterwards to Edinburgh in attendance on King Henry, Queen Margaret, and the Prince of Wales. The Chancellor of the

Prince he had long been. He was attainted by Edward the Fourth's first Parliament, which was not wonderful, seeing that at the same time the last three sovereigns were declared to be usurpers. Sir John remained in Scotland with King Henry, using his pen and his legal intellect in his behalf; and when Edward made Henry his prisoner in 1465, the Chancellor accompanied Queen Margaret and the Prince when they fled to the Continent. For nearly six years his life was spent in teaching the Prince of Wales, and in writing political letters in his fallen master's service. Henry the Sixth, who had been freed from the Tower by Clarence and Warwick, after six months of liberty was made prisoner once more after the Battle of Barnet on Easter Sunday, 1471; and on that very Easter Sunday the Queen and Prince Edward, with the Chancellor, landed at Weymouth. The Battle of Tewkesbury followed on the 4th of May, and there the Prince was killed, the Queen was taken, and among the prisoners was Sir John Fortescue. King Henry was murdered in the Tower on the 21st of May, and there was no one left but Edward the Fourth to claim the aged lawyer's allegiance. In October, 1471, under the Broad Seal, and with the assent of Parliament Edward granted Sir John Fortescue a pardon, but before his lands were restored to him, the King required that he should write an answer to his own arguments against Edward's title to the realm of England. He did what was required of him with much *bonhomme*, like a man who had been accustomed to defend a cause for a fee, and in February, 1474, when he was eighty years old, he got his answer *Soit fait come il desire*. At this time he wrote his treatise *On Absolute and Limited Monarchy*, the copy of which in the Bodleian, in his great-nephew's handwriting, bearing the date of 1532, was published in 1714 by Lord Fortescue of Credan; and he left other works, of which the best known is his book in praise of the laws of England. The exact date of his death is not known.

We have said that Sir John Fortescue, the Governor of Meaux, had three sons, of which the Chancellor was the second. We are now concerned with the third, Sir Richard, who was our martyr's grandfather, called "of Punsborne," from his estate. His life was lost in 1455 at the Battle of St. Alban's, near his own residence of Punsborne, the first conflict between Henry the Sixth and the Yorkists. Sir Richard, like his brother the Chancellor, took King Henry's part in this fratricidal War of

the Roses. He had married Alice, daughter of Sir Walter de Windsor,¹ of Windsor in Devon, and he left three sons; the eldest, another Sir Richard, with whom we are not concerned, and two others both of whom were called Sir John. In the case of the first² of the two Sir Johns, there was this singular coincidence that while he had a brother of his own name, he married Alice Montgomery, who had a sister of her own name. Genealogists would learn with relief that they died without issue.

The younger Sir John, who was Sir Adrian's father, died on July 28, 1500. His wife, Sir Adrian's mother, was Alice, the daughter of Sir Geoffrey Boleyn, Lord Mayor of London; and thus Sir Thomas Boleyn, whom Henry the Eighth made Earl of Wiltshire, became his brother-in-law, and consequently Anne Boleyn and Sir Adrian the Martyr were first cousins. Sir John, who was an Esquire of the Body to King Edward the Fourth, was sent by him as Sheriff into Cornwall, where he had to conduct the siege of St. Michael's Mount, which was defended by the Earl of Oxford. This was in 1471; in 1481 he was Sheriff of Hertfordshire and Essex, and in a year or two the King made him "Master Porter" of Calais. King Richard the Third, who had succeeded by the murder of his nephew, sent Sir John Fortescue a fresh appointment as Esquire of the Body to the King, with a salary of fifty marks, which appointment carried with it the title of "Sir;" but Sir John Fortescue joined his old adversary the Earl of Oxford, and they offered their services to the Earl of Richmond, who soon after became Henry the Seventh. Landing at Milford Haven on August 6, 1485, on the 22nd the decisive battle of Bosworth Field was fought, in which Sir John, who had been knighted by Henry on his landing, took his part. The victory gave the throne without a rival to Henry the Seventh, and the King rewarded Sir John by making him, within a month of the battle, Chief Butler of England, and by many grants of forfeited manors. At the coronation he was made Knight banneret. Sir John was much at Court henceforward, among other occasions at the festivities in 1494, when Prince Henry, afterwards Henry the Eighth, then but two years old, was created Duke of York and a Knight of

¹ Sir Adrian Fortescue, July 26, 1533, gave 6s. 8d. "to the midwife and nurse at the christening of Walter, son to Sir Will. Wyndsore, besides a little gilt flagon weighing $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. [?] that I gave to my said godson." This godson will have been a cousin of his.

² The pedigree given by Lord Clermont at p. 234 in error calls him the younger.

the Bath. At length, crossing over to Calais with the King and Queen, in May, 1500, to avoid the plague, of which thirty thousand persons died in London in that year, his own life came to a close immediately after a speedy return to England, for he died at Punsborne July 28, 1500.

And now we come to our Sir Adrian. It is disappointing when trying to trace a history that ended with a glorious martyrdom, to have such very slight indications of the interior and spiritual life that preceded it. So it is in our case, but we must be thankful to emerge from black ignorance to the knowledge of such detail as Lord Clermont's diligent research has been able to collect for us respecting the martyr. The antiquarian gets more than the martyr's client, but the latter is not left without some comforting scraps.

Sir Adrian was born about the year 1476. He is first mentioned in 1499, when he was already married to Anne Stonor, daughter of Sir William Stonor of Stonor, near Henley-upon-Thames. The two families were doubly connected, for in 1495 his wife's brother, John Stonor, married his sister, Mary Fortescue. On the death of her brother John, Lady Fortescue inherited Stonor, but her right to it was disputed by her uncle Sir Thomas, and after his death, by her cousin Sir Walter. Stonor Park was, however, retained by Sir Adrian Fortescue till Michaelmas, 1534. Leland describes it as "a fair park, and a warren of conies, and fair woods. The mansion house standeth climbing on a hill, and hath two courts builded with timber, brick, and flint." The fair woods and park are there still, to speak for themselves and, better still, the ancient domestic chapel remains, dating from the year 1349, and it, like the equally ancient chapel of the Eystons at East Hendred in the adjoining county, has never been used for Protestant service. The old walls at Stonor speak to us, not only of the Venerable Adrian Fortescue, but also of the Blessed Father Campion, whose *Decem rationes* was printed at Dame Cecilia Stonor's park near Henley, and who himself stayed there to see his book through the press. Blessed Edmund could hardly have failed to know that a martyr had lived there before him.

To return to earlier days. In 1503, when Prince Henry, a boy of twelve, was created Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester, on the 18th of February, Sir Henry was created a Knight of the Bath. Prince Arthur's marriage to Princess Catherine of Spain had been celebrated on November 14, 1501,

and his death followed on the 2nd of April. That marriage, so eventful in its consequences, and the other Royal marriage of the King's daughter Margaret to the King of Scotland, which conveyed to the Stuarts the right of succession to the Crown of England, were both officially brought before Sir Adrian Fortescue, as he was one of the Royal Commissioners for levying, from his county of Oxford, aids on those occasions to Henry the Seventh. In 1511 he was put in the Commission of the Peace for the county, his name being the first named in the Commission.

Sir Adrian and his elder brother John of Herts—it is curious that the names, when mentioned conjointly, come in this order—are named together in bonds to pay various sums to the King as fines for murder, riot, &c., between 1503, in Henry the Seventh's time, and 1511, when Henry the Eighth was King. This does not mean that they were personally guilty of these offences, but that the fines were laid on their estates when the malefactors could not be found. In 1512 the two brothers were amongst those who agreed to send a certain number of men for war service abroad, and accordingly, in the following year, they took part with the young King, Henry the Eighth, in his expedition into France. At that time the King of England was in league with his wife's father, Ferdinand King of Aragon, with the Emperor Maximilian and with Pope Leo X., and the object of his invasion of France was to create a diversion in favour of Italy and the Papal States by attacking Louis the Twelfth in Flanders. The King crossed the sea with twenty-five thousand men, of whom fourteen thousand formed "the King's ward" or division. The Fortescues had received their orders on May 18, 1513, to be shipped, each of them with fifty archers and fifty bills, from Dover or Sandwich in the "middle ward," but they were afterwards transferred to the King's Ward.³ The ship in which they crossed was "the Mawdelen of Pole," or in modern spelling, the Magdalen of Poole, of one hundred and twenty tons, with eighty-seven men; Sir Adrian Fortescue is called "captain," and the charge for the use of the ship for the month was 31*l.* 15*s.* 4*d.* The Standards borne by the brothers are given in a manuscript in the College of Arms. It will be

³ "Ward" is of course the same word as "guard," and we still speak of the advance guard and the rear guard. The latter word in the old spelling, "rereward," in the Protestant Bible, has puzzled many a reader. I have heard it pronounced, "And I will be thy re-reward."

enough to give the bearings of one of Sir Adrian's banners, on which of course the crescent appears, to mark that he was the second son. "*Vert*, a heraldic tiger passant *argent*, maned and tufted *or*, charged on the shoulders with a crescent *sable*, between (in the dexter base and sinister chief) two antique shields *argent*, each charged with the word *ffort*, and three mullets also *argent*, charged with the crescent as before." Sir Adrian's motto was *Loyalle Pensée*, his brother's *Je pense loyalement*. The proper coat of the Fortescues—I omit the quarterings and escutcheon of pretence—was *Azure*, on a bend engrailed *argent*, cottised *or*.

The brothers will have been witnesses of the sights of this brief campaign. The first and most memorable sight was the Emperor Maximilian, "wearing a cross of St. George," and serving under the orders of the King of England. Some great military sights there were to see. On August 16, 1513, the French were struck by panic at the Battle of the Spurs, so called, says Holinshed, "forasmuch as they instead of sword and lance used their spurs, with all might and main to prick forth their horses to get out of danger." Another was the sad sight of the burning of Therouenne; and a sight of another sort was the tournament held by King Henry, in the presence of Margaret Duchess of Savoy, in Tournay, when he had taken it. The Chronicle of Calais tells us that Sir Adrian Fortescue landed at Calais for this campaign on the 21st of June, and Sir John with the King on the last day of the month. They re-entered Calais on the 19th of October, and returned forthwith to England.

Sir John Fortescue was at a royal banquet at Greenwich just a month before his death in 1517. Sir Adrian was there too, and as both were present in a menial capacity, it may be as well to describe their positions. The banquet was held on St. Thomas's day; that is to say, the summer feast, the 7th of July. There were in all thirty-three people seated at the banquet. The King had the centre place at the upper table, Queen Catherine was on his right, and Cardinal Wolsey on hers; on the King's left was the French Queen, and the Emperor's Ambassador was beside her. Then at the side tables, with English peers and peeresses sat the Ambassadors of France, Arragon, and Venice.

To attend on these thirty-three persons no less than 250 names are given in a paper that was drawn up beforehand, and these are almost all lords or knights. How they could avoid

being in one another's way is the difficulty. For instance: Lords Abergavenny, Fitzwalter, Willoughby, and Ferrers, to hold torches while the King washes. To bear towels and basons: for the King, the Earl of Surrey; Lords Richard Grey, Leonard Grey, and Clinton, Sir Maurice Berkeley, and eight other knights. The King's server was Sir William Kingston; and to attend on him, Lord Edmund Howard and fourteen knights, the last named of whom is Sir Adrian Fortescue. Amongst the directions we find: "All the gentlemen to be ready to serve the lords and ladies with drink." Sir Adrian was a Gentleman of the King's Privy Chamber, but the date of his appointment is not known.

In the following year, 1518, Sir Adrian lost his first wife. The exact date we learn from his own book of accounts, in which fortunately he unconsciously tells us much that concerns him. "Costes of the beryyng and [what was] done after for the Lady Anne Fortescue, which dyyd the xiiijth day of June A^o. Dⁱ. 1518, & A^o. R[egni] R[egis] H[enrici] 8^{vi}. 10, then Monday at Stonor." She was buried at Pyrton Church, close to Shirburn, and in the account we can trace the progress of the funeral, and see most of what was done. The knight begins his record with the purchase of his mourning: "for me and my daughter"—he had two daughters, but one of them was probably married. Then come the "lyvereys,"⁴ for making up which he had 2*lbs.* of thread and needles, for which he paid 20*d.* Five women servants are named, in the inverse order of their importance, judging by the money given to them, Janet Andrewe, Dame Lewen, Mary Tesdale, Catherine Blackhall, and Margaret Robinson. After the people, we have four yards of black cotton for the pillions, the same for saddles, the same for the hearse, six yards of broad cotton for the wall, and six yards of narrow cotton for the rails, and two ells of linen for the hearse cross, the making and sewing of which cost 4*d.* We now leave Stonor, with an offering to the priests there of 14*d.* As the payments to the clerk and tailors of Henley were heavy, and we have the entry, "bringing the church gear," probably Stonor chapel was hung with the black hangings that belonged to Henley. A still larger sum was paid "to the church of Henley for hanging the church stuff;" and then, "for the costs of the Dirige and Mass there 8*s.* Item, to the stone, for the hearse light, that is, for the workings, 14*s.* 4*d.*, and for the waste,

⁴ There can be no object in continuing to give the old spelling.

9½ *lbs.*, 6*s.* 4*d.*, and for four tapers of 6*lbs.* weight, 4*s.* These the priest had as a duty to the vicar." So it seems that he only paid for what was consumed of the wax burnt round the coffin, but that the four altar candles of six pounds' weight—fine noble tapers, so called from their tapering form—went to the vicar. The wax was 2*d.* a pound, which, if we multiply by ten, to bring us the modern value, would be not far below our modern price.

Other things were not at all modern. Sir Adrian gave in "alms dole to beggars a penny a piece to 646 persons;" and his gift "to the preacher of the sermon" at Pyrton, was 10*s.*, or in modern money, 5*l.* "To a priest singing there half a year, 46*s.* 8*d.*, to the clerk of the church there, 3*s.* 4*d.*, and for wine and wax, 10*d.*"

The good Knight then summed up both sides, and it came to 38*l.* 7*s.* 4*d.*, but there were plenty of other expenses afterwards to enter. The bellringers at the burying got 2*s.* 2*d.*, the clerk of Shirburn 4*d.*, twenty-four torchbearers, who came apparently from Shirburn to the funeral, 4*s.*, to the parish priest there 12*d.* But there was a Dirige and Mass at Watlington, and payments for the waste of torches from Watlington, Henley, Shirburn, and Cupham. There were six ringers at Watlington: how many bells are there now? For the stone in the chancel the Vicar's deputy received 6*s.* 8*d.* But the great entry is, "To the priests (42), and clerks (4), and children (12) to serve and help Mass 23*s.* 4*d.*, for wine and wax 2*s.*, for Mass pence there 20*d.*" What were these last? Not, it would seem, fees to the servers; but perhaps a silver penny given at the Offertory of each Low Mass.

The dinner at the burying cost no less than 10*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* There were two beeves and nine muttoms, seven lambs, four calves, ten geese, two capons, twenty-four couple of conies, and fifteen pigs. The cream, butter, eggs, salt and coals cost 7*s.* 1*d.* They sent over from Stonor twenty gallons of wine, eight kilderkins of beer, and a quarter of wheat in bread; but they had to get more than as much again of ale from Watlington, and more than six times as much bread. The last item of the dinner expenses is 3*s.* 8*d.* "to the barber of Watlington for his labour," though what he had to do with the dinner is not said. Besides the 646 poor people who received the penny dole, Sir Adrian notes that there were other poor persons there "by estimation 300 and above." A great funeral was an event for the neighbourhood, if nearly a thousand poor

were benefited by it. The whole expense was 42*l.* 9*s.* 1*d.*, or in modern money say 425*l.*

Our readers may think that Sir Adrian had done enough, but he did not think so. Next comes the month's mind, and after that the year's mind. The first item for the month's mind is that "the Vicar's deputy had an ambling nag for the mortuary after the month's mind delivered." The month's mind was kept in three places: first his wife's burying-place at Pyrton, the Vicar of which parish received 2*s.*, forty-six priests there 24*s.*, the clerks and Mass helpers 7*s.* 2*d.* Benet for dressing altars 8*d.* The bellringers there 12*d.*, the Mass pence amounted to 3*s.* 8*d.*, that is forty-four pence, which nearly corresponds with the number of the priests; so that, probably, that number of Masses were said that day on the temporary altars dressed by Benet, and the alms for each Low Mass seems to have been 6*d.*, which is just our 5*s.* At Stonor chapel there were six priests who received 4*s.*, a double alms probably in their case; the Mass pence came to 6*d.*, again a penny for each Mass; and the clerk and poor folk there had 6*d.* Then Sir Adrian adds, "*Item*, at the Savoy, I being there at London, in all fifteen Masses that day 5*s.*," which would be a lower alms of 4*d.* There was another great dinner at Pyrton, costing about half what the funeral dinner cost. There was a bullock to eat, and ten sheep, two calves, ten pigs, and ten geese. Eleven kilderkins of beer from Stonor, and twenty-one dozen of bread from Watlington, were sufficient this time. The butter to baste the meat cost 8*d.*, and three cooks were content with 2*s.* The forty-six priests, no doubt, had the places of honour at the table, but there must have been plenty to spare for the poor. The last item after the dinner accounts is 2*s.* for "singing, wine and wax." The comma is probably a mistake. The forty-six priests will have done the singing at the Requiem, and as altar-breads were commonly called "singing breads" till far into Elizabeth's reign, so probably the wine used at the altar is here called "singing wine."

The first year's mind at Pyrton has but one entry, besides its cost of 26*s.* 8*d.* in one sum. "*Item*, for 36 escutcheons of arms both in (12) metal and (24) colours, great and large, to give to divers churches in the country 36*s.*" He gave Pyrton Church a vestment of black velvet with the appurtenances, but he does not say what it cost. Pyrton was not intended by the good knight to be his wife's final resting-place. Bisham Priory

on the Thames was the place chosen by him, and he set to work to raise a tomb to mark her grave. He gives his orders from monuments that he knew and admired, selecting them from the cloister of the Black Friars in London. To the Black Friars, the Order of St. Dominic, we may gather from a notice fifteen years later, he had a special devotion, for in the summer of 1534 he records, "Given to the Black Friar of Oxford to be in the Fraternity 12*d.*"⁶ In their London cloister he chose Sir Robert Southwell's tomb of marble, and had its like delivered to him in London by the marblers of Corfe in Purbeck, for 8*l.* This was the year after his wife's death. He had it taken to the Black Friars, and there he left it for some time, for he paid "the marbler of the Black Friars for the tomb lying with him two years 3*s.* 4*d.*" He paid 12*d.* "for the carriage of the said tomb to Paul's churchyard to the marbler there," and 66*s.* 8*d.* "to a marbler in Paul's churchyard for the pictures, writings, and arms, gilt after the rate of Sir Thomas of Parre's tomb in the Black Friars." The tomb was carried by water to Bisham, at a cost of 7*s.* 6*d.*, and the expense of its erection was 18*s.* 4*d.*

On the last day of March, 1525, nearly seven years after her death, Sir Adrian transferred his wife's body to Bisham Priory. A new coffin was made, and a horse litter to carry it, 26 yards of black cotton covered the litter and the horse, and an ell of linen cloth made the cross. Six escutcheons of arms were made, four of which were for Bisham. There were twelve staff torches of wax, and six torch-bearers all the way: five priests went with the body, and the clerk of Pyrton carried the cross the whole journey, which cross as well as the pall belonged to Henley. Seven priests received the body by the way at the three resting places, Tyfeld, Marlow, and Bisham parish church. The *cortège* had had "bread and drink at Pyrton Church first," and at Tyfeld Vicarage they dined. It was an abstinence day, and they had "4 salt fishes 20*d.*, a ling 12*d.*, stock fishes 10*d.*, one salt salmon 14*d.*, four salt eels [congers] 16*d.*, fifty white herrings 12*d.*, forty red herrings 8*d.*, fresh fish 4*s.*" The mustard, salt, and onions cost 4*d.*, and the onions are written and no doubt called "ungeons." Three kilderkins of beer, eight casts of manchettes [the best kind of white bread], and twenty-six casts of household bread made up the meal, and when it was

⁶ This is taken, as some other extracts further on will be, from an account-book of Sir Adrian's in the Record Office, which has escaped Lord Clermont's notice. *Calendar, Henry VIII.* vol. 7, n. 243.

over, the knight paid 8*d.* "for making clean the Vicarage at Tyfeld and y^e wessel" [*la vaisselle*, the dishes and spoons].

Master Prior at Bisham was paid 66*s.* 8*d.* "for her laystone there," and 31*s.* 8*d.* was "given to him and his convent for the Dirige, the Mass, and other business." "The Vicar of Bisham for the claim of a mortuary," the funeral not being in his church, received 6*s.* 8*d.* Half that sum was paid to each of the churches at Pyrton, Tyfeld, and Marlow, and 2*s.* to Bisham parish church for torchwastes and ringings. The bread and drink at Bisham Priory at the burial cost 3*s.* 4*d.*, the torchbearers got 4*d.* for "drinking homeward," the men of Henley 14*d.* for drinking at Henley, "Master Whitton and the priests drinking at Marlow," 2*s.*

At Bisham, Lady Fortescue rested among her ancestors, Lord Clermont tells us, the Montacutes Earls of Salisbury, Richard Neville the King-maker, her grandfather's brother and her grandfather himself, the Marquis of Montague. But alas! she was not destined to rest there in peace. In August, 1538, Sir Adrian records that he has paid for his tomb again "at the rasing of Bisham Priory, 20*s.*" He had to repurchase it, for the King had given Bisham away bodily with all that it contained. So Sir Adrian had to pay for the taking it down and for the costs to the water, and for carrying it to Henley, "and for the image of the Trinity 8*d.*, and for a new small coffin 4*d.*" Twenty years have gone by since her death, and all that remains of the wife of his bosom can now go into "a new small coffin;" and he pays Richard Hall "for his labour in the said cause and bringing the coffin with the bones to Brightwell Church, and to the clerk for making the grave by the high altar there the 11th day of August." Sir Adrian Fortescue of Brightwell, Oxon, is what our martyr was called in the Act of Parliament that attainted him.

But we must not move on so fast. Before leaving funerals we must add that Sir Adrian bought "at the rasing of Abingdon monastery church" a high marble tomb, apparently for his own resting place some day; but that, as we shall see, was not to be. And he erected a monument to his father at Bishop's Hatfield to which his brother contributed a small sum, and this shows that Sir Adrian, though the younger brother, was the wealthier of the two. He at the same time contributed largely to Hatfield Church, giving two great candlesticks for the altar, two "papis of bone and glass" (whatever they may be), two tin cruets, a

table of the crucifix, a table of the "Oracion," a vestment of red camlet, two great forms and then four great forms more, two towels for the priests' hands, a new great door (the wood and iron work cost 40s., the lock 3s. 4d.), "a great tabernacle for the altar, bought at Calais in the war time" for 20s., which came to London by ship and then was sent down to Hatfield, mended and set up, for 21s. 4d. more: at Michaelmas, 1526, "a new altar cloth and two curtains of red and green French say [serge], lined with buckram and fringed, price in all 11s.," 3½ yards of blue buckram to cover the altar, 17½d.; and lastly, "sent thither at Whitsuntide, 1529, two linen altar cloths and a linen corporal after the robbing of the church," 7s. 6d. Sir Humphrey, the priest, twice came up from Hatfield to see Sir Adrian; the costs of his journey the first time being 3s. 4d. and the second time 20d.

We have now done with funerals, and we go back again to the gay world, and indeed to the world at its gayest, for early in 1520, Sir Adrian received a summons⁷ from the King to accompany the Queen to the Field of the Cloth of Gold. He was bidden to take with him "ten tall personages well and conveniently apparelled," and he was to appoint himself in apparel as to his degree, the honour of the King and of the realm, appertained; but he was to convey with him over the sea for his own riding and otherwise not above three horses, and he was to repair to the Queen by the 1st of May.

On obeying this mandate, Sir Adrian must have seen the landing of the youthful Emperor, who had been elected to the Empire the year before. On Saturday, May 26, 1520, Charles the Fifth "arrived with all his navy of ships royal on the coast of Kent, direct to the port of Hythe the said day by noon, where he was saluted by the Vice-Admiral of England, Sir William Fitzwilliam, with six of the King's great ships well furnished, which lay for the safeguard of passage betwixt Calais and Dover. Towards evening the Emperor departed from his ships, and entered into his boat, and coming to the land, was met and received of the Lord Cardinal of York with such reverence as to so noble a prince appertained. Thus landed the Emperor Charles the Fifth at Dover, under his cloth of estate of the black eagle, all spread

⁷ Cotton. MSS. *Caligula*, D. vii. art. 118. It must be owing to the seizure of Sir Adrian's property at his attainder that so many documents belonging to him are found in the British Museum and the Public Record Office.

on rich cloth of gold. He had with him many noble men and many fair ladies of his blood. When he was come on land, the Lord Cardinal conducted him to the Castle of Dover, which was prepared for him in most royal manner. In the morning the King rode with all haste to the Castle of Dover to welcome the Emperor, and entering into the Castle alighted. . . . On Whit-Sunday, early in the morning, they took their horses and rode to the city of Canterbury, the more to keep solemn the feast of Pentecost; but specially to see the Queen of England, his aunt, was the Emperor's intent, of whom ye may be sure he was most joyfully received and welcomed. . . . The Emperor remained in Canterbury till the Thursday, being the last of May, and then taking leave of the King and of his aunt, the Queen, departed to Sandwich, where he took his ships and sailed into Flanders. The same day the King made sail from the port of Dover, and landed at Calais about eleven of the clock, and with him the Queen and ladies, and many nobles of the realm. . . . The 4th of June the King and Queen with all their train removed from Calais to his princely lodging newly erected beside the town of Guisnes, the most noble and royal lodging that ever before was seen." And here we may leave Holinshed,⁸ our good chronicler, or else we shall have to follow him for many a page through all the glories of the Field of the Cloth of Gold. With those splendours we have no need to trouble ourselves, except to notice how completely the nobles and the knighthood and gentlefolk of the country were at the King's command, and how freely they could be called upon to spend their money. It must have cost Sir Adrian not a little to apparel himself and his "ten tall personages," so as to be in keeping with the reckless expenditure of Henry the Eighth and Francis the First. At the same time it was an honour to be chosen on such an occasion, of which no doubt many a knight would be jealous, and the choice was in all probability a mark of favour on the part of Cardinal Wolsey, by whom all the arrangements were made.

Whether Sir Adrian accompanied King Henry to Gravelines on the 10th of July, where the English King had an interview with the Emperor, we do not know. As he was in the Queen's train it is more likely that he remained with her at Calais, but the King and the Emperor came there on the next day, "and there continued in great joy and solace, with feasting, banquet-

⁸ Vol. 3, p. 645.

ing, dancing and masking until the 14th of July." Sir Adrian will have been one of the English lords and gentlemen who were "displaced of their lodgings" to entertain the suite of Charles. Before the end of the month our good knight was back again in England, and probably at home.

Two years later,⁹ that is in 1522, when the King was expecting another visit from the Emperor, another summons came to Sir Adrian, "forasmuch as it is requisite he shall be honourably accompanied at that time with our lords and nobles both spiritual and temporal, as well for his cheerful and princely receiving, as to conduct him from place to place for the fame and renown of the realm." The King was then at his manor of New Hall in Essex, "otherwise called Beaulieu," as Holinshed says, "where the King had lately builded a costly mansion." The summons is dated the 4th of April, and Sir Adrian was required to be at Canterbury on the 27th of the same month; but counter-orders came, and Sir Adrian was wanted for fighting and not for pageantry. On his summons he has written the memorandum. "After the preparation herefore, I was commanded to go to the sea under my Lord Admiral, where we were and on land twenty-one weeks."

We have a glimpse of Sir Adrian's preparation on a similar occasion in the following year, in a letter addressed to him in London by John Haywood,¹⁰ who sends him a list of men, partly his tenants, who were mustered for July 1, 1523, with the armour to which they were admitted. One of the men, Thomas Hicks, Fortescue's farmer of Stynchecombe, Haywood could not find. He advises Sir Adrian to allow some to "buy their peace to bide at home, for ye may have prettier men in Henley than there." At Henley they were expecting him to call upon them, and are always ready.

The twenty-one weeks on sea and land, spent as Sir Adrian tells us with the Lord High Admiral, Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey, were employed in part in "wafting the Emperor over to the coast of Biscay,"¹¹ in July, 1522, and then "finding the wind favourable, according to his instructions, the Admiral made to the coast of Brittany, and landing with his people, in number seven thousand, about five miles from Morlaix, marched thither,

⁹ Lord Clermont has dated this letter two years too soon, not perceiving that Sir Adrian had himself endorsed it Anno xiiij^{to}. that is to say 1522.

¹⁰ Calendar, *Henry VIII.* vol. 3, n. 3148.

¹¹ Holinshed, vol. 3, p. 678.

and assaulting the town, won it. For the master gunner, Christopher Morris, having there certain falcons, with the shot of one of them, struck the lock of the wicket in the gate so that it flew open; and then the same Christopher and other gentlemen with their soldiers, in the smoke of the guns pressed to the gates, and finding the wicket open entered, and so finally was the town of Morlaix won and put to the sack. The soldiers gained much by the pillage, for the town was exceeding rich, and specially of linen cloth. When they had rifled the town thoroughly, and taken their pleasure of all things therein, the Earl caused them by sound of trumpet to resort to their standards, and after they had set fire to the town and burned a great part thereof, the Earl retreated with his army towards his ships, burning the villages by the way, and all that night lay on land. On the morrow after, they took their ships, and when they were bestowed on board, the Earl commanded sixteen or seventeen ships, small and great, lying there in the haven to be burnt. . . . After this they continued awhile on the coast of Brittany, and disquieted the Bretons by entering their havens, and sometimes landing and doing divers displeasures to the inhabitants about the coast. After that the Earl had lain awhile thus on the coast of Brittany, he was countermanded by the King's letters, who thereupon brought back his whole fleet into a place called the Cow, under the Isle of Wight"—now-a-days we call it Cowes—"and then went on land himself, discharging the more part of his people, and leaving the residue with certain ships under the governance of the Vice-Admiral Sir William Fitzwilliams, to keep the seas against the French."

Even if Sir Adrian was then discharged, he was not able to go home, for on the 2nd of September of this same year, 1522, the Earl of Surrey with a powerful force—the Chronicle of Calais says fourteen thousand men—in which Sir Adrian Fortescue had his place, marched into Picardy, aided by "a great power of Burgognians," sent by the Regent of Flanders, Lady Margaret of Savoy. Of this expedition Holinshed says, "All the towns, villages, and castles in the country through which they marched were burned, wasted and destroyed on every side of their way." The Earl returned to Calais on the 16th of October, bringing "a marvellous great booty of goods out of the country," and he landed at Dover on the 24th of October. "All the residue of the army came over also with the navy, and arrived in the Thames; and so every man into his country at his pleasure." And with this, Sir Adrian's twenty-one weeks of

active service by sea and land came to an end. He must therefore have gone to sea in May.

We have already learnt that Sir Adrian was engaged in similar warfare on French soil in 1523, and John Haywood's letter has survived to tell us of his muster of his tenants for military service for the 1st of July.

On August 24, 1523, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, crossed over to Calais with an army which Wolsey said was the largest that had been sent out from England for a hundred years. Sir Adrian is mentioned by Holinshed as being in his train. The Castle of Bell was taken and rased to the ground at the end of September, the town of Braye was taken by assault on the 20th of October, Montdidier surrendered on the 27th. "The soldiers, being thus led from place to place, began to murmur among themselves and to grudge, because of the winter season, being nothing meet for their purpose to keep the fields: it grieved them that the Burgognians being provided of waggons, made shift to send the spoil and pillage home into their country, being at hand, and they to want such means to make the best of those things which they got, so that, as they took it, they beat the bush and others had the birds. This grudge was yet by gentle words ceased for a time. . . . After great rains and winds which had chanced in that season, there followed a sore frost, which was so extreme that many died for cold, and some lost fingers, some lost toes, so extreme was the rigour of that frost." The result of the "intemperate weather, the lack of victuals, and such other discommodities," was that the Duke of Suffolk, led back his army to Valenciennes, and so by Flanders to Calais, to the displeasure of the King who was preparing to send reinforcements under William Blount, Lord Mountjoy. When Sir Adrian got home we do not know, but this seems to be the end of his personal experience in the French wars. His tenants, however, had not done with them, for in a letter under the King's signet from Richmond, dated April 1, 1528, the King says that he has "determined to send a certain crew of men, well elect and chosen" for the defence of Guisnes under Lord Sandys, its captain; to which crew Sir Adrian was ordered "to send the number of ten persons, footmen, archers, and other, to be well elect and tried," and these were to appear at Guildford on the 3rd of May, "sufficiently harnessed and appointed for the war," there to be viewed by Lord Sandys.

And now that we have done with the wars, we turn again to our scanty records of Sir Adrian's domestic life. By his first wife he had two daughters, Margaret who married Thomas Lord Wentworth, and Frances, the wife of Thomas Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare. Thomas, tenth Earl of Kildare, "Silken Thomas" he was called from the silken fringe he and his body-guard wore on their helmets, had risen against the English Government in Ireland, and having given himself up to the Lord Deputy on August 18, 1535, was sent to the Tower and there imprisoned until February 8, 1537; when he was, with five of his uncles, hanged, drawn, and quartered at Tyburn. He was only twenty-four years old, so that it would seem that his wife must have been considerable older than he. During his imprisonment the long suit for the possession of Stonor was brought to an end by the Act of Parliament that confirmed the King's award. Stonor Park and one share of the estate was adjudged to Sir Walter Stonor, and the other share to Sir Adrian and to his two daughters after him. And as poor "Silken Thomas" was in the Tower, "a detestable and heinous rebel and traitor to the King's Highness," and so could not agree to the award, it was enacted that nevertheless the Lady Frances should have the benefit of it and that she and her husband should be bound by it. The suit between the two claimants of Stonor Park was not carried on merely in the King's Courts, for Sir Adrian was impoverished and his life disturbed by many "riots, assaults, and affrays" between his followers and those of his wife's cousin, Sir Walter. The contest was practically ended by the King's arbitration in 1534, the date of which is determined by two entries in his accounts, first of 10s. "to the King's Attorney's clerk for writing the King's award," and in Trinity Term 26 Henry VIII. (1534) 20s. 4d. "for the seal of the King's arbitrement between me and Sir Walter Stonor."

JOHN MORRIS.

(*To be continued.*)

Art in London in 1887.

ART, like science, goes at a great pace now-a-days. New men, new tastes, new styles arise, and to those who are not on the spot, no mere reading of art critiques, however careful, however multiplied, nor even the assistance of engravings in the illustrated papers, will enable one to realize the modern position of the nation's art. You learn more of it in one rapid visit to the great exhibitions of the metropolis than by any amount of reading. We use the plural number, because this year, as in so many other years, some of our leading men have reserved their strongest works for the Grosvenor, and that the Royal Academy no longer represents all that is best of British work. Another feature of 1887 is that the Royal Academicians have not so presumed on their privileges, and we miss with pleasure the clusters, not always of stars, which have generally monopolized the line. But before venturing on an opinion as to art, we are stopped by the preliminary consideration of what standard of criticism we are to adopt. There is the gossip of the studios, the opinion of the profession, the views of the art world, the philosophic standpoint of high æsthetics, the general impression of the many-headed public. Well! let us disavow modestly at the outset any pretence to pose as philosophers, or as representatives of art circles, and be permitted to look on the show as a simple, perhaps too simple, outsider. Still one cannot divest himself of his personality, and, as a Catholic, it is impossible not to have some ideal as to the place which art ought to occupy before the world, and not to reject the too readily accepted adage of "art for art," as if any creature, however humble, is not bound to minister to the glory of its Creator. Much less can we approve that a creation so glorious should be produced simply to minister to man's pleasure, or worse still, to pander to his passions.

Then the difficulty is, how is one to pretend to judge so

many thousand works, each of which is the offspring of months, perhaps of years of concentrated thought. *Guarda e passa!* is the received method, and what more can any one do, among so many, unless it be to fix on the few that present points of special interest and give our chief attention to them?

Art in England is so absolutely dependent on individual patronage, it receives so little Governmental or national patronage—might we not say it receives none?—that its professors have to consider, as their first condition, what will pay. An infinitesimal patronage is found in the Chantrey Trust, but who would risk such a remote chance of a purchaser, if there is brought into competition with it the sure gain of a commissioned portrait? So the pictures on which the English School, as in the days of Holbein and of Reynolds, stake their reputation and put forth all their power, are portraits. So too, or much more so, religious art, not only finds no patrons, but the *afflatus* is altogether wanting in a society where dogmatic truth is at so low an ebb, and where the enthusiasm of Divine Faith is hardly to be found. We have not far to go to see to what depths religious art has sunk in 1887.

Goodall's "Misery and Mercy" (338), a large canvas with scenic background, gives about the lowest possible type of our Blessed Lord, the face almost intentionally indistinct, an utter failure, while the fallen woman at His feet has none of the dignity or humility of repentance. So too in a powerful monochrome study by Mackworth (891), "Christ Calming the Sea." Christ is like the popular ghost in a shroud, rather than the Man instinct with human tenderness, and yet God with all His majesty and power. A "St. Martin of Tours" (146) has no elevation of style, nor has it the simplicity or reality which we find in the masters of classic subjects. If Long's paintings from *Fabiola* and *Callista* (3 and 132) may be classed with religious subjects, in order to fill up our meagre list, they are only proofs how inspiration has lacked. As works of art, one grieves to miss all trace of the vigour of design and of colour that distinguished this painter in days gone-by.

Armitage's large composition of the "Approval of the Rule of St. Francis" (681), is a reproduction of one of his meritorious efforts at religious art. A cold academic propriety reigns over the whole; but the mistakes in costume are so patent, according to modern canons of historical painting, the whole is so cold, so wanting in feeling, either natural or supernatural, that one can

only say it is a large and well-intentioned work. The poor man of Assisi surely was far other than the young man as proper as the precentor of an Anglican Cathedral, who stands in the centre of the composition. A chiaroscuro "Passover"—it looks like the genius of Night (832), a figure flying athwart an Egyptian city lit by the moon and by the fires of the various altars; a "Martha and Mary preparing for Christ," two poorly-painted Eastern women without a vestige of inspiration or elevated sentiment about them (650); a coarse "St. Christopher" in a conventional stream, and a rather pretty child on his shoulders, by Yeames the R.A. (179)—it would look best in black and white; and a weird study of the four-and-twenty elders, almost complete our list. The story of St. Pelagia's death in the Grosvenor (9) is certainly very beautiful, but it is rather the beauty of Hypatia than of the penitent of the desert; and, like many a Magdalen, was chosen apparently on other grounds than those of the lesson it should convey. If we accept the strange history in the Bollandists, penance had stamped out all the lines of the actress' ancient beauty, and there was little left of her charm of face or limb when the monks laid her in her desert tomb. When we have alluded to a small study of the Entombment in Westlake's well-known manner, we have closed the short list of religious (?) subjects.

What, you will ask, is *the* picture of the year? Putting aside for the moment the portraits; Waterhouse's "Mariamne" (134), Orchardson's "First Cloud" (291), Tadema's "The Women of Amphisia" (305)—and should we not add Solomon's "Sampson," (503), are the gems of the R.A., nor are there any individual pictures in the Grosvenor which attract so much attention.

Out from a stately apsidal room, brilliant with gilded vault, down a flight of white marble steps, Mariamne, the victim of Herod's jealousy, steps stately to her death. She is clad in white, with her dark hair falling about her shoulders, a rich girdle at her waist, and a long chain of gold fastening her wrists. Behind her follows the negro executioner, who, as he bows obsequiously to Herod, draws his scimitar for its deadly work. The woman, with tearful eyes but proud, turns half round to gaze on her guilty husband, who hangs his head, but looks stealthily at her charms, and is almost about to rise from his ivory chair to pronounce her pardon, if the planner of the vengeance, Salome, who is at his right hand, fearing her rival's

power, did not hold him down, and plead against pity. In the shadow of the apse a semicircle of bearded Jews seem to strive to conceal their sympathy by an affectation of indifference. The painting of the gilded marble lion, the mosaic floor in the foreground, the gilt lattice-window behind the King, vies with the great master of classical art, Alma Tadema, whose work this year (305) is only less wonderful because of his greater and stronger achievements of other years.

In a corner of a marble market-place, in the full light of an Eastern morning, are a number of Bacchantes awaking from their vigil on the marble pavement, and surrounded by a group of women who look on in pity and in wonder, while from a stall, eminently suggestive of a classic coffee-stall, fruits and drink are offered by kindly hands. Some of the fair strangers are still stretched out in deep sleep on their panthers' skins, others are just rousing themselves, their long hair still crowned with the ivy of their god. To say that the fruit, the blossom on the boughs, the pale marble are reproduced with a most marvellous mastery is simply to say that it is the work of Tadema. The exquisite grace of the faces and forms almost pall upon one with its unbroken sweetness, and one would hardly have expected to have found in the votaries of so vile a god so much innocence of features and so few signs of the mad revels of the day before. As with all this master's paintings, you ask in vain what lesson is conveyed by all this exquisite work?

Orchardson's new phase of his former drama (291) has perhaps less of the defects, if it has less of the power, of its predecessors. "The First Cloud," "the little rift within the lute," foreboding much misery in a luxurious house, tells too plainly its sad story. The lady in white evening-dress is sailing haughtily out of the room, leaving her husband puzzled and staggered, while he stands on the hearth-rug, looking after her with a keen look, as if he would wish the words had never been spoken. The familiar lamp with its pink shade, the rich orchids in the bowl of deep blue china, the marvellous execution of floor and furniture has still the same strange strains of yellow and brown which Orchardson has made his own. *Punch* has his fun at the very prominent part which the parquetted and polished floor plays in the composition.

Far different in character is the tremendously powerful work of Solomon J. Solomon's, a work in power, if not in colour, fit

to be ranked with that of Rubens. As you enter the Academy it stands out, framed by the arch of the central Sculpture Hall, and brought out by the contrast with the whiteness of Boehm's Marble Bull. The fault, and it is rather a glaring one, is the grinning figure of Delila, who in the corner of the picture, looking no better than probably she did, shakes in the captive's face the shorn locks which meant his ruin. But apart from this, the composition is full of vigour and muscle, of wonderful anatomical knowledge—a subject in which Michael Angelo would have revelled.

Coming down to minor works, as usual, the Academy and Grosvenor have numbers of them which deserve more than a passing mention. But let us just look first at the portraits. Here, without daring to give the palm, we give the first mention to Mr. Fildes' portrait of his wife (185), a painter whom the Royal Academy has wisely elected among its forty. Truth, life, light, accurate technique, is the acknowledged property of the Anglo-Venetian school, but the art world was taken by surprise when the portrait of his wife appeared on the walls of the Royal Academy. In a black evening dress, the neck and bodice of which is trimmed with black lace and bugles, with black jet ornaments in her bright chestnut hair, with but a little diamond butterfly to relieve the darkness, the smiling intelligent face with its aureole of light stands out from a background of rich but mellow red. The neck and arms and hands are superbly and delicately modelled. A fur opera-cloak, lightly thrown about the figure, gives in its orange lining a piece of exquisite colour, and warms up the whole composition. The fidelity with which every detail is painted is simply marvellous. Yet the whole is broad and even powerful.

It is curious to contrast this painting with the same artist's portrait of Mrs. W. L. Agnew (386)—a symphony in white. Here the lady is seated in the open air dressed in spotless muslin, with a basket of red flowers. Or again with a remarkable portrait of a lady also in black, by Emmeline Deane (425). Not only is the background dusky grey, and the dress, bonnet, and all of saddest hues, but the very shadows of this clever portrait seem in mourning—all is sadness itself. Or again to a formidable rival of Mr. Fildes—the king of French portrait-painters, M. Carolus Duran in his full-length "*la Vicomtesse Greffulhe*" (904), with her lordly head and the sheen of her robe of silver, standing with all the dignity of one of Sir

Tothan's *Grandes Dames*; or again with his simpler but ever graceful work (556), his daughter? a face full of beauty and expression.

Orchardson has but one portrait, Mrs. Joseph (67), reposeful and dignified, though very simple; yellow slightly in the flesh tints, as is his way. As for Holl, the Academy and Grosvenor alike are full of his triumphs, and one is almost inclined at each to say this is his best. That of Sir George Trevelyan (36), looking with stern purpose out of the canvas; of Mr. W. S. Gilbert (300), seated sideways to the spectator, so genial, so true; of Baron Henry de Worms (154), of Lord Stalbridge (989), and perhaps still more that of Lord Harleck in the Grosvenor (54), are all marvels of genuine portraiture. Then, taking one by surprise, a new name, Herman G. Herkomer, gives us a portrait of Hubert Herkomer, the A.R.A. (413), which may make bold to rival any work of the year. Like a powerful Velasquez looking out from a dark background, in a black silk University gown, with face sharp cut and profusion of dark hair and beard, with masterful hands, you catch all the personality of the man. Contrast it again with Hubert Herkomer's portrait of Briton Riviere (683), a face full of concentration; or his head of Stanley the traveller, whose likeness appears again in the Lecture-room in busts (1894), by Dressler, and (1857) by Raemackers. God speed him in his great errand! They all tell of toil and firm resolve, and pay no unwise complements to his rugged face. Two others of Herkomer's are in the Grosvenor (29), poor Fawcett's portrait, a difficult subject, with the eyeless face; and a powerful one of Canon Wilberforce of the blue riband (13). But for pose, beauty, and exquisite grace, 377 in the Royal Academy by the same painter holds one of the highest place. A lady seated like a sybil, meditatively, looks out of the picture, her face full of thought. Nor should we omit the Hon. John Collier's portrait of John Toole, in the Grosvenor (147)—surely one of the most masterly portraits of the year. One only regrets that the great comedian should not have been painted in character.

It may seem strange to speak of Millais in second rank, but the careless portraits of Lord Hartington, carnation and white (465), and of Lord Rosebery (509), far too young and expressionless—can either possess so little outside sign of statesmanship?—and even his Grosvenor portraits of Lord Esher (58), and of Mrs. Wortley (51), seem all to be false in colour, dashed

off without the old vigour and witchery of his hand. While in the Grosvenor, and among portraits, that of Leo the Thirteenth (65) by Thaddeus, deserves mention, if only for its theme. Its colour, or want of colour, is tried by the brilliant contrasts aroused. His Holiness leans forward in a painful attitude, and with an appearance of being ill at ease, and there is a want of dignity and sweetness in the expression of his face. True, a white cassock, a white stole, and a bloodless face present difficulties. But whatever its artistic merits, it leaves an unpleasant memory on the mind. As to Mr. Long's portrait of Cardinal Manning in the Royal Academy (680), it is an utter failure. He has not even made the most of the scarlet *cappa magna*, which is coiled back in an ungainly way, while the face so marked, so sharp cut, so lending itself to portraiture, comes out here feeble and purposeless—just what it is not.

Neither is Oules, the painter of John Henry Newman, equal to his old reputation, spite of fine opportunities of civic dignitaries with picturesque robes and precious chains. Richmond has a magnificent portrait, among others, of Lord Pembroke in the Grosvenor (32). In the same gallery there is (72) a most remarkable portrait by Carter of Sir Richard Brooke, the texture of his rough loose coat admirable, as is the head; while Mr. J. J. Shannon in "A Queen of Hearts" (191), gives as a rival of Carolus Duran, a charming portrait of a lady in black sitting on the edge of a high-backed old-fashioned chair. His painting of Mrs. Bowring (94) in the Royal Academy is very noteworthy. Cyrus Johnson's Sir George Macfarren (74), hard, though very life-like, Tuke's W. G. Freeman (237), cruelly faithful—both in the Grosvenor, a charming old lady by Vigor, and a strong portrait by Fantin (919), both in the Royal Academy, must conclude a long and necessarily dry and imperfect list. Two portraits, interesting to Catholics, that of Miss Teresa Hope (158), and of Lord Ashburnham (113) in his peer's robes, are "skied," but seem fair works of art.

The lesser pictures we reserve to a further article.

Modern German Philosophy.

PART THE SECOND.

IN the last number of THE MONTH we pointed out the fact that Philosophical Speculation in Germany has divided, roughly speaking, into three streams, Pantheistic Idealism, Extreme Materialism, and an intermediate unsteady current aiming at a doctrine of Moderate Realism. We had traced the history of the first school from Kant to Schelling, and it is our purpose now to say a few words on Hegel, after which we will sketch briefly the subsequent course of German thought. Hegel, born in 1770, was, as we have said, a fellow-student of Schelling at the University of Tübingen. Both enthusiastically took up the new development which Kant's Philosophy received in the hands of Fichte. After some years, however, differences sprang up between the two youthful speculators, and ultimately they became completely estranged. Hegel died in 1831.

The starting-point of Hegel's system is the unity of Thought and Being; the fundamental principle on which his reasoning rests is the identity of contradictories. In the beginning there was the Idea—this is Hegel's premundane God. This idea is on the one hand Being, on the other it is also Non-Being. To the unphilosophic mind this will possibly not appear obvious. Common sense seems to say that a thing cannot both be and not be, and if the Idea in some incomprehensible way is Being, at all events it cannot at the same time be Non-Being. The objection is promptly met by the Hegelian principle that *contradictories are identical*. This rather astonishing postulate once assumed, Hegel's chain of reasoning proceeds successfully enough. There are three stages or moments in the Idea. First it is in itself; this is the primitive condition, imperfect indeterminate Being, the premundane God. Next it is out of itself, it is split up and opposed to itself; this is material nature. Finally, the Idea returns to itself in the self-consciousness of man. This is the last moment, the highest stage, and viewed

as the Universal Reason it is identical with the true Deity. Man is God! The science of the Idea in its first stage is Logic, in its second the Philosophy of Nature; and in its third moment the Philosophy of Spirit. The system of Hegel then is an elaborate process of deduction in which starting with the idea of Pure Being by continuous application of his fruitful principle, the identity of contradictories, the universe is gradually evolved. The difficulty which naturally suggests itself to the mind of the reader is how can a sane man be expected to concede such a postulate as that of the identity of contradictories? Hegel's justification is that the world, human life, science, and theology, rest upon a network of contradictions. "Contradiction above all things is what moves the world, and it is ridiculous to say that contradiction is unthinkable."¹ Common sense maintains the difference and identity of soul and body, freedom of the will and Divine foreknowledge, an infinite yet a personal God; science has to admit that light involves darkness; motion is a logical impossibility, yet a fact; good presupposes evil, and similarly the whole of our knowledge and belief implies, he asserts, that contradictories are identical. Accordingly, finding such contradictions as these embodied in common thought, we have no ground, it is held, for rejecting the Hegelian principle, and that being once allowed, the symmetry of the system, and the success with which the universe is explained, constitute a complete justification of the assumption. It is then on the strength of a distorted representation of a few obscure notions, that Hegel rejects the most fundamental law of Logic, the principle of non-contradiction, and because we are led by our reasoning to admit some judgments, the full purport of which we cannot perfectly grasp, he calls upon us to deny the most unequivocal declaration of the human mind.

The attempt to state Hegel's doctrine in a few words necessarily gives it a grotesque appearance, and a disciple would fairly enough object to such a summary description of what the author himself laboriously struggles to express in twenty-one volumes. Still, if we may judge from their internal dissensions, even those devoted souls, who have spent their lives in pondering over these cloudy pages, do not seem to have been very successful in getting a satisfactorily clear idea of the philosopher's meaning. Hegel himself declared towards the end of his life, that, among the vast numbers of his

¹ *The Logic of Hegel*. Translated by Wallace, p. 119.

admiring disciples, he had never found but one who understood his thought; and he pathetically added, that about this one he had of late begun to entertain misgivings. The moral and religious consequences of these theories are evident. The existence of a personal God, the immortality of the soul, free will and moral responsibility are impossible. Man is but a transitory moment, a passing stage of the impersonal Absolute, "a tiny wavelet on the great ocean of consciousness destined to roll his little course and sink to rise no more."

Such is a brief history of that Transcendental Philosophy which, issuing from the scepticism of Kant, passed like a plague over the educated mind of Germany at the beginning of this century. Heavy clouds of unwholesome metaphysics infected the intellectual atmosphere, the reasoning powers of the national mind became diseased, the logical vision was obscured, and the first principles of thought, the laws of identity and contradiction, lost their force. The Universities were the first great centres to catch the malady. Professors and students were soon in various stages of mental disorganization amid the hazy evolutions of the Absolute. From thence the contagion passed into general literature, and the respective merits of Fichte's Ego and Hegel's Absolute not unfrequently formed subjects of interest at fashionable soirees, while the twenty-one volumes of Hegel, with possibly Schelling thrown in, occasionally completed the furniture of a literary lady's boudoir.

The chief cause of the immense popularity achieved by these abstract speculations seems to us to lie in their peculiar unison with the mystic instincts of the German character. About the very last thing in the world calculated to excite any general enthusiasm either in England or France would be, we think, a system of Transcendental Metaphysics. This nation is too practical, the French are too mercurial for hazy speculation, and with neither can abstract philosophical meditation be popular outside of a very narrow circle. But in Germany seventy years ago it was otherwise. There the final deductions from the principles of Protestantism had been already reached before the end of last century. The supernatural was even then eliminated from the religion of the learned, and so theological considerations imposed no check on the acceptance of any philosophical creed. But whilst religious faith was dead, there still lived in the Teutonic nature a powerful inclination

towards the marvellous, a strong sympathy with the unseen, which rendered the German impervious to realistic difficulties, that would have told with great force on the Englishman. Finally, the studious habits and admirable natural patience of the people endowed the complicated and abstruse reasoning with a charm, that cannot be appreciated outside of the native land of philology and mythology.

Such was the course of speculative thought, and such were the influences directing it during the earlier years of this century, but a profound change in the spiritualist tendencies of the nation, and a powerful reaction against the idealist philosophy, was rapidly approaching. The great mechanical inventions, which began to thrust themselves upon the world about a hundred years ago, soon found their way into Germany, and the consequent increase of wealth and comfort commenced to turn men's minds, more forcibly than previously, in the direction of the material interests of life. The wider diffusion of general knowledge, under the highly-organized system of State education, was telling steadily on the legendary beliefs of the peasantry. The brilliant successes which crowned the patient industry of several of his countrymen were attracting the attention of the University student. Finally the steady growth of the nation in political power from 1815 onwards, gradually infused into her children the consciousness, that there were far more tangible fields to be won by German arms than the cloudy heights of Idealistic Metaphysics.

The combined effect of all these agencies intensified the reaction which was in any case bound to succeed the exaggerations of the transcendental school, and towards the year 1830 there set in a new movement in the direction of Materialism. At first it appeared in a merely negative form and was confined to scientists, who professed to ignore equally all metaphysical theories, and to limit themselves to the investigation of phenomena. Later on a more aggressive attitude was adopted, and the advocates of the new departure began boldly to deny the existence of anything beyond phenomena. As the century advanced professional philosophers like Feuerbach and Lange, together with savants such as Vogt and Moleschott, commenced to profess Materialism as a positive philosophical doctrine. By 1850 the new system was fairly struggling for supremacy with the declining Hegelianism. The most prominent of the earlier materialists was Louis Feuerbach. He seems to have been a connecting link between extreme Idealism and Materialism.

Hegelian Pantheism had with him culminated in naked Atheism. God is according to him a creation of the human mind, a projection of self into the external world ; nothing superior to matter can exist.

After Feuerbach came Vogt and Moleschott. The latter is the author of *Kreislauf des Lebens*, a work which, published in 1852, constituted the main reservoir of materialistic arguments for the next dozen years. It is curious to observe that as time went on Materialism shunned, more and more, the crude expositions of its tenets advanced by its earlier advocates. Moleschott courageously declares that thought is a secretion of the brain as bile is of the liver. Vogt refines upon this description, and with him thinking is a species of phosphorescence taking place within the cerebral lobes. Büchner ætherializes the "phosphorizing" into the vaguer term, "function." Lastly, the language of Fechner is re-adopted, and consciousness is commonly explained now-a-days by this school as the "subjective side or psycho-physical aspect of a material organic process," whatever that may mean. In fact, the more men directed their efforts to account for mental activities on purely materialistic principles, the more they became aware of the impossibility of the attempt. One physical term after another was taken up and then abandoned as inadequate to describe the phenomenon, and finally it has to be admitted that all that can be proved is that thoughts and nervous changes occur together.

Probably the most influential materialistic writer in Germany at the present day is Dr. Büchner. His most important work, *Kraft und Stoff*, has had an immense success in his own country, while the translation has enjoyed a very large sale here. The most striking feature in the book is the skilful exhibition of the wonderful properties proved to be possessed by matter. Of genuine originality Büchner does not possess much, and many of his most plausible arguments are merely borrowed from Moleschott. Another influential writer of this school is Professor Hæckel. Among his most celebrated works are the *Natural History of Creation* and *The Evolution of Man*. His reputation as a zoologist ranks high, but his scientific works are seriously injured by violent irrelevant diatribes against philosophical views displeasing to him.

A prominent feature of the new philosophy, as compared with its predecessor, is its non-academical character. The Transcendental Philosophy, although possessing considerable

interest in literary circles, was mainly the property of the universities, but Materialism is rapidly becoming the creed of the general public. An astonishing zeal is exhibited in the popularization of the new doctrines. Well written works, exposing in clear polished language the most plausible arguments in defence of Materialism, issue continuously from the press. Moreover, together with the advantage of an easy attractive style, there is combined that of being able to give apparently intelligible answers to the most interesting problems of human life. It is indeed quite true that in Germany, as here, apparent clearness is secured only by superficiality ; the answers are easy to understand merely because they ignore the real difficulties. Nevertheless with a general public, from whom religious belief has almost completely departed, these doctrines have an enormous success. The prospects of the near future are certainly very dark. The group of tenets summed up under the term Materialism cannot be preached broadcast throughout the community and at the same time remain mere speculative theories. Stray axioms and principles of a superseded code may carry authority for awhile, but the new revelation is bound to replace them with its own precepts. It may take one or two generations to lay down the premisses, but when they have been once accepted the conclusion will infallibly be drawn. The practical deductions from a philosophy which denies the reality of aught above matter, which holds a future life to be an impossibility, moral freedom a delusion, and the Deity a myth, it is not our office here to investigate. The astonishing increase in the force of Socialism at the late elections in Berlin indicates them pretty clearly. It seems to us, then, that Materialism is steadily gaining ground both speculatively and in its ethical applications. Moreover, there is every prospect that it will continue its progress in the immediate future. The question at once arises, Is this state of things to last, is this wretched doctrine to be the permanent creed of the future ? To this we must answer, Certainly not. The present movement may continue to spread, the tide may and probably will rise higher, but that a great reaction is sure to come we have not the shadow of a doubt.

No one who casts his glance back over the history of philosophy will believe for a moment that the human mind can remain satisfied with Materialism as an answer to the mysterious problems of the external and internal worlds. At various times in ancient Greece and Rome, as well as in modern Europe, have

sensualist theories been dominant for a season in the schools of philosophers, and among the literati of the day, but their success was never long lived. The enthusiastic youth who gathered around Epicurus at Athens, the admiring student of Lucretius at Rome, the zealous adherent of La Mettrie or Diderot in France would, in his time, equally with the devout worshipper at the shrine of Dr. Büchner or Professor Hæckel, have assured you that absolutely the last word had been said on the subject. He would have made it manifest that now at last the final solution had been reached, and that henceforth belief in any reality superior to matter was a species of credulity destined to speedy extinction. But the spiritual nature of man never remained long content with such a response, and a violent recoil from the degrading view of life was the inevitable consequent. Often indeed, as at the end of last century, the reaction carried profound thinkers into the opposite extreme, and Materialism of one generation was the parent of an equally exaggerated Idealism in the next. False and injurious though such movements may have been, the lesson is the same, man's reason cannot accept Materialism as the final answer.

A reaction, then, we believe is certain to come ; but whence are we to expect it and what direction is it most likely to take ? To answer this question we must turn our attention towards that third stream of philosophic thought to which we have before alluded. Contemporaneously with the rise of Materialism at the beginning of the century, another less extreme reactionary movement had commenced. The aim of this school was to construct a metaphysics of moderate Realism, which, founded on the results of the physical sciences, should avoid the exaggerations of its two rivals. The originators of the movement turned their eyes back to the pre-Kantian period, and some, like Herbart and Lotze, took their principles from Leibnitz, while others, such as Beneke, Trendelenburg, and Ueberweg, went back to the Aristotelian philosophy for their foundations. Though indefinitely nearer the truth, this current of speculative thought possesses less unity than either of its fellows. On the one side Herbart's results are scarcely distinguishable from Idealism, and Lotze practically leads to Pantheism, while on the other, Ueberweg, by far the nearest to the old scholastic teaching, in the end we believe, tended towards Materialism.

The success of the school as a whole has thus been considerably marred by the oscillations of its individual members.

Still its influence has steadily increased, and we may say that whatever ethical or metaphysical truth exists outside of the Church in Germany is possessed by it. As regards revealed religion, unfortunately the great majority of its leading men are almost on the same level with the disciples of the other two schools. Rationalism is rapidly becoming the universal characteristic of non-Catholic theology. A typical representative of this centralist party is Lotze, now some years dead. A savant, endowed with a wide and thorough knowledge of physical science, he felt the utter inadequacy of Hegelianism as a theory of the universe, while on the other side his criticisms of Materialism are amongst the most penetrating that have appeared. A noble spiritualism breathes through his works, and the brilliancy of the language in which he clothes profound thoughts is surpassed by no other philosophical writer in Germany, and by none here, save possibly Ferrier or Dr. Martineau. Yet in spite of his fine ethical notions and of his recognition of moral freedom, his metaphysical system finally culminates in an idealistic Pantheism.

Among the more realistic thinkers of the school are Trendelenburg and Ueberweg. The former is distinguished for his profound works on Aristotle, and the latter for his *History of Philosophy, Logic*, and several other minor publications. Ueberweg's text-book on logic is probably the best non-Catholic work that has yet appeared. This third speculative movement, is, as we have said, steadily gaining ground, and the erudition of German scholarship which is being directed towards the labours of the great philosophers of antiquity, gives promise of increasing importance in the future. It would be rash to anticipate for this school an immediate triumph over Materialism, but that there will ultimately take place a reaction against the popular philosophy of the present day we feel assured, and that it will take the direction followed by this central movement, we deem very probable. The sun of Hegelianism is rapidly sinking below the philosophical horizon. A return to Kant cannot be permanent. The Critical Philosophy is a position of unstable equilibrium. Partial scepticism as was shown by Hume and Fichte cannot be maintained for any length of time.

Accordingly the system destined next to succeed the current Materialism is probably that of moderate Realism. This intermediate stream of rational speculation, is, we have said,

considerably nearer to the truth than either of its neighbours ; yet in our opinion the chief value of the general acceptance of its doctrines would not consist in their intrinsic worth. To be frank, we have very little confidence even in the best intentioned philosophy outside of the Catholic Church. We know of no philosophical writings more liable to being dangerously used against Natural Religion, than some of the works of Dean Mansel, although in their composition he fondly imagined himself to be constructing an insuperable bulwark in defence of Christian Belief. The fundamental principle of the Reformation, the implicit denial of the unity of truth, inevitably carries its sanction, in the form of unsteadiness in all Protestant speculation, and even in purely rational subjects this hesitancy and irresolution are ever most painfully evident. The real advantage of a prevalent philosophy only moderately erroneous, which is the most we can ever hope for outside of the Church, would consist in the increased facility of acceptance which it would immediately secure for the true Catholic Philosophy. A mind imbued with the principles of Hegelianism or Phenomenalism is almost beyond the range of argument. We have no premisses in common, majors are denied and demonstration is impossible. But with men grounded on the logic of Ueberweg or Trendelenburg, and possessing the moral and spiritual conceptions of Lotze, there is much hope of effecting real progress.

Although then the immediate future looks gloomy enough, the ultimate prospects of philosophy in Germany, even without the Church, are not altogether dark. When, however, we turn our eyes to the condition of speculative studies within the Church, the view looks most hopeful. It is beyond the scope of our present article to enter into an account of the work done in Philosophy by Catholic writers in Germany, but as we have already said, in this as in many other respects, Catholic Germany sets an admirable example to the rest of the Catholic world. The works of Clemens, Kleutgen, and Stöckl, are well known. *The History of Philosophy*, by the last named writer, is, we believe, as a contribution to Catholic literature, second in importance only to Janssen's great work. Among recent text-books, those of the distinguished writers F. Pesch and Dr. Gutberlet combine the advantages of an admirable exposition of Scholastic Doctrine, in the most philosophical of modern languages, along with appreciative examination and solution of the difficulties raised by modern science. Meanwhile,

both at universities and theological seminaries, among the lay as well as among the ecclesiastical students, a real earnest application to Catholic Philosophy prevails. It is thither Germany must look in the future for sound rational teaching, and it is a great satisfaction to know that the Catholic Church there daily grows more capable of supplying that want.

A glance back at the fitful course of human thought, which we have attempted to trace in Germany during the past hundred years, will show the truth of our assertion, that the extravagant vagaries of philosophical speculation, where the guidance of the Church has been rejected, form another striking proof of her truth. In the brief space at our disposal, we have been forced to pass over Schopenhauer and Hartmann, whose pessimist views are now so popular, as well as many other thinkers, yet the movements which we have endeavoured to sketch, form an almost complete collection of possible philosophical aberrations. The path of truth is but one, the ways of error are legion. Heavy, indeed, has been the penalty paid by Germany for her repudiation of the unity of Truth.

MICHAEL MAHER, S.J.

Glimpses of Mediæval Oxford.

THE University of Oxford has always been an important factor in the development of thought and of opinion in England. Not only has it produced illustrious men without number, but its intellectual training seems to cultivate above all the faculty of "initiation" in its students. It has taken a prominent part in every religious or political movement, and the sons of Oxford have been in the van whenever any new tendency has developed itself in the land. Lollardism, Wesleyanism, Tractarianism, all sprang from the fertile brain of Oxford. At the present time Oxford is the home of an ingenious attempt to combine liberalism with dogma which is one of the strangest anomalies in the history of religion in England.

All this gives a special interest to the early history of the University. Yet it is strange how generally ignorant even Oxford men are of the most ordinary facts respecting the University in pre-Reformation times. It is but lately that any attempt has been made at a consecutive history of the University. Antony Wood was an annalist, not a historian, and though he gives us invaluable materials for a history, yet he does not profess to trace the growth of the various changes which have come over the University or the connection between the events that he chronicles. Mr. Maxwell Lyte, the Deputy Keeper of the Public Records, has lately published a *History of Oxford* up to the Reformation, which is based on a careful study of original authorities, and shows a spirit of considerable impartiality in matters religious and political.

The annals of Oxford reveal to the inquiring student a state of things which is by no means ideal. The respectability of the present day as compared with the turbulence of the past is better exemplified at Oxford than anywhere else in England. All over the country there has been, even within the last half-century, an elimination of the rough brutality of the past. Public executions, and the punishment of death for aught save

brutal murder, and the use of the lash in the army and navy, and the wholesale flogging of our public schools, have disappeared, and the change has been reflected and more than reflected in the University of Oxford. Thirty years since, the 5th of November sent forth crowds of students to do battle to the obnoxious Town, and the High Street was swept for hours together by compact bodies of Gownsmen, who bid defiance to the Proctors. Within the same period one of the largest Colleges was disgraced by violence and outrages which seem incredible to the more peaceful students of the present day. But this recent change is but a trifle compared with the change which marks off mediæval from modern Oxford. One of the most striking features of the University and city alike in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, is their strange lawlessness. Take, for example, the following story, which is the more remarkable because of the high dignity of the outraged prelate.

The next disturbance at Oxford . . . arose by mere chance on the occasion of the visit of the Papal Legate, Cardinal Otho, to Oseney Abbey in 1238. Some members of the University having sent him some delicacies for his table on the morning of the 23rd of April, went in the afternoon to pay their respects in person, and to ask of him a favour in return. The doorkeeper, however, a suspicious Italian, absolutely refused to admit them to the guests' hall. Irritated by this unexpected rebuff, they collected a great number of their comrades, and made a determined attack on the foreigners, who defended themselves with sticks, swords, and flaming brands plucked from the fire. The fury of the clerks reached its height when the Legate's chief cook took up a cauldron full of boiling broth, and threw its contents in the face of a poor Irish chaplain, who had been begging for food at the kitchen door. A student from the Marches of Wales thereupon drew his bow and shot the cook dead on the spot, whilst others tried to set fire to the massive gates which had been closed against them (p. 34).

The King sent two commissioners to punish this outrage. Some twenty or thirty scholars were seized and sent laden with chains to the Tower. The Legate, whose grief and anger was increased by the fact that the cook slain was his own brother, added the censures of the Church to the authority of the King, laid the University under an interdict, and refused to be appeased. His severity at length roused the anger of the English Bishops, who had at first co-operated with him, and they told him plainly that the riot was due to the insolence of his own servants—that it had, in fact, served him right—and

that, moreover, they objected to his interference, and to the appeal he had made to the secular arm in order to gratify his own personal animosity, thereby abusing the liberties of the Church. At last they frightened him into giving way, but not until the chief members of the University had come barefooted to ask pardon, and had promised to him a sum of money for the benefit, as he averred, of his brother's soul!

But the chief riots were between the Town and Gown, veritable counterparts, on a more serious scale and often with fatal consequences, of the modern Town and Gown rows commemorated in the historic pages of *Mr. Verdant Green*, and remembered in the personal experience, it may be, of some of our older readers. One of the earliest of these took place in 1208. A girl was found dead at a house in Oxford, slain, either by chance or otherwise, by a student of the Faculty of Arts, who fled the city.

The enraged townsmen at once started in quest of him, and failing to find him, seized in his stead two innocent students who lodged in the same house with him, cast them into prison, and after a brief delay hanged them outside the walls of Oxford. These summary proceedings were, it is said, countenanced by King John, who was at that time especially incensed against clerks of all sorts, on account of the Papal interdict on his realms. The students were filled with alarm and indignation. . . . Masters and pupils were alike concerned to withstand so gross a violation of their common rights. Some had already quitted Oxford in fear of the King's wrath, and now almost all the remainder, to the number, we are told, of no less than three thousand, determined to abandon the schools. After making every allowance for exaggeration on the part of writers who had no means of obtaining exact statistics, it seems clear that the migration which took place in January, 1209, was an event of considerable magnitude. Some of the seceders went to pursue their studies at Paris, some at Reading, some at Maidstone, and others perhaps at Cambridge. It was commonly reported that not a single scholar remained at Oxford (pp. 17, 18).

The ecclesiastical authorities, moreover, laid the town under an interdict. But so tenacious were the citizens of their privileges that they held out for four years, in spite of the Halls and Inns being empty and the churches closed. At last the presence of a Papal legate gave them the opportunity of obtaining more favourable terms than they could otherwise have hoped for. What the English Bishops would have exacted we do not know, but the Legate did not let them off very easily. They had

first of all to go in procession, stripped and barefoot, to the different churches of Oxford, for several days, scourging themselves as they went. All who had taken any part in the arrest or execution of the two clerks had to go bareheaded and barefoot and half naked to the place where the dead bodies lay, and reverently to carry them to a churchyard, the rest of the citizens following as witnesses. Thirdly, they had to swear that if, at any future time, they should arrest a clerk, they would on demand deliver him up to the Chancellor or Bishop or other ecclesiastical authority, thus establishing for members of the University an immunity from the jurisdiction of the officials of the town which has not altogether disappeared even at the present day. Last of all they had to provide a dinner for one hundred poor scholars on St. Nicholas Day, and to pay fifty-two shillings a year to the Abbot of Oseney and the Prior of St. Frideswyde's for the use of his scholars.

This is certainly one of the most serious of these town and gown riots, but there were many others nearly as bad. In 1244 a number of clerics, who deemed that they had been cheated by the Townsmen, attacked and searched the houses of their creditors. Nearly fifty of them were seized and committed to prison by the Town authorities, but the Bishop remonstrated, and the King ordered the offenders to be transferred to the keeping of the ecclesiastical authorities. This occasion was one of great importance, for, as Mr. Lyte tells us,

The affair seems to have obtained for the Chancellor a great accession of authority, for, only about a fortnight later, the King issued a decree that all controversies about debts, about the rent of lodgings, or about the price of horses, victuals, or clothes, in which a clerk of Oxford was concerned, should be heard and finally decided by the Chancellor. This decree, confirmed and renewed by a long series of English kings, may fairly be termed the Magna Charta of the University, for it contained the germ of most subsequent exemptions and privileges. It created a special tribunal for the benefit of students, and invested the Chancellor with a jurisdiction which no legate or bishop could confer, and which no civil judge could annul (p. 42).

The severity of the measures against extortion were chiefly owing to the large number of Jews resident in Oxford. Until the yearly sum payable to St. Frideswyde's had provided a fund whence poor scholars could borrow, their only resource was the rapacious Jews. There was a quarter which went by the name of Jewry, between High Street and the present site

of Christ Church. It was in "Jewry" that the Dominicans had their convent, and we are told that on their first arrival in Oxford, early in the thirteenth century, they were so successful in converting Jews, that a special house was established for the reception of converts, on the site of the present Town Hall. In 1248 the Jews were forbidden to exact more than the moderate interest of forty-three per cent.! The Jews were exempt from the ecclesiastical laws against usury, and moreover were exempt from the common law, but it was decided in 1260 that the Chancellor had authority to decide disputes between them and the clerics. In 1268 an incident happened which shows the boldness as well as the numbers of the Jews of Oxford.

It was on Ascension Day, 1268, as a long procession of clergy was wending its way towards the cemetery of St. Frideswyde's, to hear the public sermon, which the Chancellor of the University was wont to preach on that day, that a number of Jews made a sudden attack on the cross-bearer, and having wrenched the cross out of his hands, trampled it under foot ignominiously. The King's son, Edward, who happened to be in the town at the time, at once sent news of the outrage to his father at Woodstock, and then the King in council decreed that the Jews of Oxford should be forced to atone for this insult to the Christian religion, by providing two new crosses in the stead of the one they had broken. The larger of these crosses was directed to be "made of marble, fair and lofty, well and suitably carved and polished, with a crucifix above on one side and a figure of the Blessed Virgin with her Son on the other, conveniently arranged and gilded;" and it was to be set up on the very spot where the outrage had been committed, with an inscription explaining the cause of its erection. The other cross was to be carefully wrought in silver gilt, having a staff of the same size as that of an archbishop's cross, and was to be given to the University to be carried in procession on all solemn occasions (p. 67).

Up to the year 1268 the University had no buildings of its own. The lectures were given in the various halls and in the convents of the religious bodies. The Dominicans settled in Oxford in 1221, and opened a school of philosophy close to St. Edward's Church. Three years later the Franciscans also took up their quarters in the University, and these two convents did a great deal to forward the studies and increase the renown of Oxford. Robert Grosseteste taught with great success before becoming Bishop of Lincoln, and his skill in physical science was so great that the vulgar regarded him as a magician. Secular teachers were at first employed by the Franciscans, but after 1250 they were no longer necessary. Friar Adam Marsh

was a celebrated lecturer on theology, who had an enormous reputation in the middle of the thirteenth century. He was a friend of Roger Bacon, who describes him as "perfect in all knowledge," and classes him with Solomon and Aristotle. He was styled "The Illustrious Doctor," but some of his letters which have come down to us indicate that posterity has been more just in its estimate of him than his contemporaries, in denying him any great posthumous fame. Roger Bacon himself was a Franciscan, but apparently rather devoid of the humility of St. Francis. He was a man of genius, but was unfortunately endowed with that love of criticism and spirit of self-will which makes a religious very troublesome to his Superiors.

Very different was St. Richard of Chichester, who, though not a friar, had studied theology in the Dominican Convent at Orleans. He was a student at Oxford at the beginning of the thirteenth century, and even in his youth his voluntary poverty was such that he shared with two other students his room and academic gown, so that it is said that only one of the three could go to the schools at a time. He was Chancellor in 1238, and afterwards Bishop of Chichester, dying in 1253.

But to return to the friars, who rendered invaluable services to Oxford. Dominican and Franciscan were the only religious orders there until the end of the thirteenth century, when the Cistercians sent a colony who settled in the suburb of North Oseney, and subsequently established a house of study on the present site of St. John's College. About the same time the Benedictines also came to contribute their learning and influence to the cause of Oxford education, and founded the celebrated Gloucester Hall where Worcester College now stands. "Gloucester Green" still remains to remind us of the Black Friars who dwelt there. In 1317 the Carmelites, who had already a convent on the low ground to the north of Oxford, received from Edward the Second his manor house, known as the King's Hall, on the site of the present houses of Beaumont Street.

Between Seculars and Regulars there seems to have been no little contention at Oxford. The Dominicans especially roused the anger of the University authorities by claiming various exemptions and privileges which they declared were necessary to them on account of the Rules of their Order. A Master's degree in Arts was, by the statutes, a requisite qualification for the degree of Doctor in Divinity, and the

Dominican rule did not allow of their graduating in Arts. Hence, they were at a disadvantage, and though the University offered to relax the rule by a special "grace," in the case of deserving theologians, the Dominicans objected to accepting as a favour what they ought to have been able to claim as a right. Moreover, the grace could be denied if any one Master of Arts, hostile to their Order, chose to vote *non placet*. They also objected to another statute which refused to any Master the right of lecturing on Holy Scripture, unless he had previously lectured on the *Sentences* of Peter Lombard, urging that the subtle master of the sentences was far more difficult to explain than the sacred writers. This quarrel lasted for years, not without some unfairness and even malice on the part of the University authorities and students. To the claims of the Dominicans the Masters replied by

Declaring plainly that they could not make any distinction between friars and other students, and by summoning all graduates to swear that they would uphold the liberties and privileges of the University. The Dominicans, being on the point of appealing to Rome against the University, declined to take the oath, and were in consequence excluded from all share in academical affairs. Having drawn up a formal appeal and proclaimed it in the Franciscan and Carmelite convents, they deputed Friar Lawrence de Warwick to read it before the Regents and Non-Regents in St. Mary's Church. But when he repaired there for the purpose, he was promptly ejected, together with the notary-public and the other witnesses whom he had brought with him. Not to be foiled in this manner, he collected a crowd in the churchyard, and, mounting a tombstone close to an open window on the south side of the chancel, proceeded to read the appeal in a loud voice to the Masters assembled within. He also affixed a written copy of it to the church door, and he did not retreat until the servants of the secular clergy and other bystanders began to jeer at him, and utter threats of setting fire to his convent. On another occasion he tried to serve a writ on the Chancellor in person, and, waylaying him as he was coming down from his schools, thrust the document at him, but the Chancellor would not look at it, and let it fall into the mud (pp. 107, 108).

So bitter was the animosity between the two parties that on one occasion a band of secular students forced the gates of the Dominican convent, beat the inmates, and overthrew the altars and images in the church. Legal proceedings were resumed, and the Chancellor of the University, Henry de Harcla, was despatched to the Roman Court, where he died while the suit was still pending. By this time the King had begun to regard the Black Friars with less favour; and when they put forward a claim to be exempt from the criminal jurisdiction of the

Chancellor, he ordered the Sheriff of Oxford to support the Chancellor against them, regardless of any privileges which they might have obtained from the Pope. On the other hand, they induced John the Twenty-Second to withhold his assent from two important articles of the award of 1313, that, namely, which insisted on a Master's degree in Arts as a preliminary for the study of theology, and that which forbade any one below the degree of Bachelor of Divinity to lecture on the text of Holy Scripture (p. 111).

At Oxford, too, raged another controversy. The Dominicans had a stronghold, whence to the end of time, no skill of disputants, no attacks of opponents, no wiles of the devil, were to drive them forth. In the works of St. Thomas of Aquin they had a system of theology and philosophy as perfect as was ever penned by human fingers, or thought out by the subtlest and most powerful of human intellects. Nay, it was far more than this, it was in great measure inspired into the mind of the great Saint and Doctor by Him, who, when it was finished, Himself declared, *Bene de Me scripsisti, Thoma*. But this system did not find favour at first outside the Dominican body. The Franciscans refused to acknowledge the authority of the "angelic Doctor," and in Duns Scotus, the "subtle Doctor," even St. Thomas had a formidable adversary. Duns Scotus lectured at Oxford in 1304, and died in 1308. If it is true that he was only thirty-four years old at his death, the wonderful productiveness of his genius is almost incredible.

The residence of Scotus at the University was at the time when Oxford was at the very height of its prosperity and its fame. Students flocked there from all parts of the United Kingdom, and even from foreign countries. What the numbers of the students were is not easy to determine. Mr. Lyte, we fancy, rather underrates it. He puts aside, and we believe rightly, the estimate of Archbishop Fitz-Ralph, who in 1357 declared that in his younger days there had been thirty thousand students at Oxford.

Richard Fitz-Ralph, the illustrious Archbishop of Armagh, declared, in a memorable discourse before the Papal Consistory at Avignon in 1357, that in his younger days there had been as many as thirty thousand students at Oxford, though their number had since dwindled down to less than six thousand. And again, Dr. Thomas Gascoigne, who lived in the middle of the fifteenth century, seems to state positively in his *Theological Dictionary*, that he had ascertained by personal examination of the rolls of the old Chancellors of Oxford, that there

were thirty thousand students at Oxford before the time of the Great Plague (p. 94).

It is hard to understand how Fitz-Ralph could have ventured, even in a rhetorical passage, to make the extravagant statement attributed to him. Yet his error is not so strange as that of the Parliament of 1371, which based a scheme of taxation on an estimate that there were forty thousand parishes in England, when, in truth, there were not nine thousand. With respect to Gascoigne's testimony, it may be argued that his reference to the old rolls had no connexion whatever with his statement about the number of students at Oxford, and that it was intended to confirm a previous statement in the same sentence, to the effect that there were formerly very few lawyers resident in that town. Apart from his quotation of documents which are now unfortunately missing, Gascoigne is not a very valuable witness as to the condition of Oxford a century before his own time. It is likely enough that he based his belief in the fable of the thirty thousand students on the passage in Fitz-Ralph's speech. No other mediæval writers place the academical population of Oxford at so extravagant a figure. William of Rishanger, in his account of the temporary expulsion of the University by Henry the Third in 1264, says that at that time "the number of clerks whose names had been inscribed in the registers of the masters (*in matriculis rectorum*) was, according to the testimony of many credible persons, upwards of fifteen thousand." This estimate in its turn seems much too high for our acceptance (pp. 95, 96).

But we are not prepared to admit the accuracy of Mr. Lyte's own calculation.

The best guide to a true solution of the question is perhaps to be found in a formal statement as to the number of clerks who took part in the sanguinary riot of 1298. We are distinctly told by the townsmen, who were fairly able to obtain accurate statistics, that the clerks mustered rather more than three thousand strong, and when we consider that few of them would have been content to remain inactive on so critical an occasion, we have fair grounds for believing that the number of persons then enjoying the privilege of the University cannot have amounted to four thousand in all. It is not probable that the University of Oxford was much more populous than that of Paris, which, according to M. Thurot, could not in its palmiest days boast of more than two hundred teachers and fifteen hundred pupils (p. 96).

If the clerks numbered three thousand strong, is it not rather a rash conclusion that the privileged persons of the University were not more than four thousand, and therefore the actual students, we imagine, considerably less? If there were three thousand ready to go out and risk their lives in a fierce

riot, we should have thought that we ought to conclude that there must have been another three thousand who quietly remained at home. Peace-loving clerics there must have been, clerics who were sick, clerics who had conscientious scruples about the unnecessary shedding of blood, clerics who happened to be absent, clerics whom a love of study kept quietly at home, clerics who were advanced in life and unable to fight. Does Mr. Lyte imagine that in these sanguinary frays the members of the religious bodies took part by order of holy obedience, and that a regiment of Black Friars, and Grey Friars, and White Friars, "swept the High," as did pugnacious undergraduates only a few years since? Where three thousand turned out to a free fight, we should have reckoned the whole body to amount to eight or ten thousand at the least. To say that it is not probable that Oxford was much more numerous than Paris is an hypothesis for which Mr. Lyte brings no shadow of evidence.

Oxford reached its highest prosperity in the first half of the fourteenth century. The great pestilence of 1349 seems to have injured it not a little, and the complaints of its decline during the second half of the century are very frequent. Secular colleges began to be founded, and the aim of their founders was to make them as far as possible complete in themselves, to establish, in a word, the collegiate in the place of the university system. The poison of Lollardism had infected the University, and Wyclif had, with the true spirit of heresy, directed his most bitter attacks against the Friars. Whatever may be said about "the arrogance of the Friars," and here Mr. Lyte, we are sorry to say, does not display his accustomed impartiality, there is no doubt that they were the mainstay of the University, and that it was their presence there which had mainly contributed to develop its prosperity and its fame. This he is obliged to confess from time to time. "The chiefs of the Benedictine Order," he says, "certainly did their best to encourage learning."¹ He speaks of the "intellectual superiority of the Franciscans," and allows that the secular clergy were jealous of the mendicants. He has the good sense to set aside Professor Huber's assertion that the intellectual torpor that came over Oxford towards the end of the fifteenth century was owing to the suppression of Lollardism and free thought.

It is not easy to assign the true cause of the decline

¹ P. 159.

of Oxford. One thing is undeniable, that the College system never witnessed in Oxford the same prosperity as it had enjoyed before Colleges were built. There was a great deal to be said for them. They were intended as a check to the wild lawlessness and dangerous liberty enjoyed by the students of the University, but somehow it created an *imperium in imperio* which never has been and we fancy never will be a complete success. Every modern University reformer has been an enemy of the collegiate system properly so called, as opposed to that Free Trade in education without which education cannot flourish. The collegiate system was essentially a class system; it was almost a necessity that a number of men who lived in such close contact with each other should belong to the same social class. Under the University system it was very different; there was a wholesome element of "democracy," if we may call it so, such as we witness in religious orders, which levels up without levelling down, which gave the poorest a chance of rising without in any way derogating from the respect due to social superiority.

The great universities of the middle ages were far more popular in character than those which now exist in England; they were not recruited from any one social class. An academical education was not ordinarily given to young men of gentle birth, unless they showed a special aptitude for study, while on the other hand promising lads of humble origin were often maintained at the schools by wealthy patrons. The monastic orders moreover, which were recruited from all classes of society, furnished a considerable number of students. Thus by patience and industry the son of the small trader, of the artisan, or of the mere villein, could in due course of time obtain a degree which would place him on almost equal terms with the sons of knights and gentlemen. One scholar might indeed spend twice as much as another on his weekly commons; one might keep a servant, while another had to perform menial duties for his teacher, by way of payment for his lessons; but a brilliant victory in disputation compensated for all temporary discomforts, and opened the road to fame and fortune. Short of the throne itself, there was scarcely an office in the realm to which a clerk of the lowliest origin might not eventually attain (p. 196).

In mediæval Oxford all students were "clerks" and wore the tonsure, but it did not at all follow that they all became priests, or had any intention of doing so. After the student had "determined" (or as we should say, taken his Bachelor's degree) he generally left the University. If he wished to

proceed to the degree of Master he had to study for three years more, and to teach in the schools both before and after his degree. He had moreover the choice of pursuing his studies in one or other of the four superior faculties of Theology, Canon Law, Civil Law, and Medicine. To attain the degree of Doctor of Theology, a course of study of twenty years was necessary. The expense of a degree in theology was so great that members of the religious orders would not "incept" in theology without a grant from their brethren in Chapter. In 1400 the Convent of Christ Church paid no less than £118 3s. 8d. for the inception of two Benedictine monks in theology and canon law respectively. The money was spent partly in fees, partly in presents of robes to his friends in the University, partly in a grand feast to the Regent Masters and others.² When we remember that the above sum represents nearly £1,400 at the present day, we can well believe that Doctors of Theology there were but few!

Grammar and logic were the ordinary subjects of study previously to "Determination" or the Bachelor's degree. After two years' study of grammar, the student had to attend for a year the disputations held on logic in *parviso*³—on the pavement—by the Masters of the schools, who at the time of the determination had to testify that he had answered their questions satisfactorily. The modern *Testamur* for responsions is borrowed almost word for word from this ancient certificate of competency. The ceremony took place in general when the student was about seventeen or eighteen. It seems strange in the present day that the age when most students matriculate should have been that when the mediæval student took his degree. The fact is, that Oxford was a University and a Public School combined. The Halls and Convents were the Masters' houses, whence the students proceeded to the common lecture rooms. The large number of these boys who were in lodgings explains a great deal of the rioting and disorder that prevailed. After determination began what would correspond more nearly to the modern system in the University. Considering the length of the complete course of study there must have been a vast number of what we should call resident graduates

² P. 223.

³ *Parvis*, or *parvisus*, is the same as *Paradisus*, and signifies the pavement or platform outside a church. The modern translation of *in parviso*, by "in Little-go," or "Little-go," or "Smalls," is a curious perversion of language.

who were still pursuing their studies. This accounts in great measure for the large number of students. Add to modern Oxford Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Marlborough, and two or three more, and we shall understand that there may easily have been ten or fifteen thousand resident students in mediæval Oxford.

We have limited our rapid glance to the University before the College system had taken firm root there. We hope hereafter to take another glance at the struggle of Lollardism to gain a hold in Oxford, at the growth of the College system, of Wolsey's gifts, and of the change that came over the University at the Reformation.

Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel.

1584—1595.

ANOTHER dawn, and I still here, once more
To wot, but not behold, the sun's uprist,
Me minding who may yet ere it descend
Be gone for ever from all night and day,
To where beyond them dwells the Light of Light.

How long, O Lord! this deathless death?—how long?
With ruth nor respite she my father slew,
Tried and condemn'd on charges pitiful
And groundless as were those whereon myself
Stood twice arraign'd and since have linger'd here,
Of crimes convicted that till now were none,
But all of craft and malice new-devised,
As artful traps to catch unwary souls,—
Slew him, albeit with patent artifice
She made pretence awhile of loth resolve,
Yea, of some qualms of conscience—"Was not he
Her kinsman? her own cousin?"—and, at last,
As yielding only when was need to choose
'Twixt pity and the safety of the realm!
For well 'twas known the twain who had her ear,
Burghley and Leicester—may God forgive them that,
And all their wickedness!—ne'er ceased to ply it
With counsel and entreaty, nay, with bodes,
And subtle threats of danger to her throne,
From her forbearance,—e'er working on her fears;

These in their secret craft, while openly
The preachers, Bishop of Lincoln leading loudest,
E'en from the pulpit clamour'd for his death—
Though small the need unto her ready mind,
Made up of stubborn purpose from the first!
Yea, slew him—he, alas, professing, too,
The so-call'd new religion to the end,
Ay, at the block!—then wherefore am I spared?
Spared!—am I grown to mock myself, and aid
The machinations of mine enemies?
When did Elizabeth of England spare,
Save only to oppress yet more and more,
As she were pleased of her victim's pain?
His sentence—oh! my father! slain when I
But long enough had lived to know thy worth,
How good, how noble! and had thy life, cut off
From all the hopeful promise of the years,
Been spared its natural span, most like thou hadst,
Led of God's mercy, of thy soul besought,
Return'd a joyous wanderer to the fold;
Therefore—tho' God forbid that I should dare
Impute it unto them of consciousness,—
They added tenfold to the wrong they did!
His slaughter, all cold-blooded as it was,
Smack'd of true mercy in comparison
With my own doom, thus left for months and years
In doubt more cruel than her warrant seal'd
Because it is her will, upheld of those,
Mine enemies, whose humour ne'er could brook
About the Court a greater than themselves—
Left thus to breathe the breath that is not life,
And each day die, yet not once unto death,
Dying and living, still to live nor die,—
Yet not my will, O Lord, but thine be done!

For I have long since ta'en a last farewell
Of all that once was all the world to me
Of earthly pleasures and commodities,
Fond hopes and aims, that had for end and crown
The safety and true honour of the realm,
Friends, fame, and favoured haunts of this fair Isle,
Once call'd, of right, *The Lady of the Sea*,
But now, alas, in these so evil days
Of dread and horror, when it bristles o'er
With bloody scaffolds and the collops hack'd
And mangled that whilere were holy men,
Naught else than shambles or a Golgotha!
Yea, all, save that more dear, more sweet than all,
My little unknown son!—my darling babe,
My selfest self,—and yet to know thee not!
To feel thou *art*—canst laugh and run,
Leaving a merry ripple in thy wake,
Entwine thy tendril arms about a neck,
And with thy pretty prattle wouldst beguile
The saddest heart grief ever made its own!
Ah! cruel respite! ruthless clemency!
To sever me from my own body thus,
With fell immanity without a name!
Even now,—ay, all day long, and every day,
There are, unheeding, who were free to list
What never never I may look for more,
Who yet to hearken were all hearing ears;
Free to their hearts' content to feast their eyes
Whereon to gaze one instant I were fain
To forfeit both mine own, and all beside—
Save the one hope, one joy, all else beyond,
For God doth know how in my inmost self
I would not be aught other than I am.
Yet oft in fancy, and as bent withal

To vex my spirit with a double pang,
I see thee mirror'd in thy mother's eyes,
Thine image there, both less than her's and more,
For blending of aught worthy of my own ;
Thou hast her eyes, boy ! . . . Oh ! could I but clasp
Thee once, just once, within these hungry arms,
As I would take thee to my heart of heart,
My soul of soul, and hearken thee, once only,
Lisp me my name, or any one word, yea,
Or no word, so, e'er after, I might hear
That sound so sweet, and, gazing in those eyes,
View her own being, thy mother's, mirror'd there,
I would not seek or covet one grace more !
Forgive me, Lord ! not is it for Thy sake ?

That, that my first offence ! it was my wife,
My long neglected Countess, and for years
Mark of the Queen's displeasure—alas, alas,
Unto whose nostrils virtue seems but like
Ill-odour to the dove, who yet withal
Would pose for model in her people's eyes
For all of noble and of pure, that still
She hates, or holds but lightly in her heart !
Yea, 'twas my late returning fealty,
Of honest purpose with a love more fond
And faithful for contrition and remorse
So to repay her sufferance and the wrong
Whereof I did repent me—pleading not,
To bate one tittle from my flagrant sin,
Our innocent childhood when already bound
In bonds, though ratified, I still did hold
As not past lawful breaking—that she, indeed,
Should bless them for true authors of her joy,
And I be happy in her happiness.
Then the Star Chamber, and their charges foul,

That I did seek without the Sovereign will
To quit the realm, and league myself withal
In France with Doctor Allen—holy man,
Albeit her enemy ; and touching those
Disloyal letters, dangerous to the State,
But arrant forgeries all, whereof God wot
Me innocent as babe then newly born ;
And last, but first and sum of all the rest,
My recusancy ; nor avail'd it aught
That I to each and all fair answer made,
Pre-doom'd of their intent. *Laus Domino.*

There was a time, my vain and wanton youth
Lured, mothlike, by the lustre of the Court,
When in her favour I stood high, rank'd foremost
At all her routs and revels, and oft won
The signal grace of her good countenance ;
Till, conscience-smitten—and sickening more and more
Of the Court's breath and my disorder'd life,
And day by day more harrow'd of the proof
How hard for whosoe'er at once would hold
His honour and her smiles—my heart re-sought
Whom it had ne'er forsaken had it been
Goodly and wise as it was peccable.
Her Majesty did ne'er forgive me that,
Nor ever will forget ! but that day forth
Did look upon me with an angry eye,
As mark'd out for her merciless disgrace,
Who ne'er forgave, and ever could not brook
True lord or stainless lady in her halls.

O mercy undeserved, to suffer thus
For my religion ! for the which with joy
These ills I bear, and would more happy die
Than they do live with their's—the fruits whereof
Are persecution and vindictive hates,

Envyings, and knavery, and wantonness ;
The dark dread stream that of her father's breach
First sprang, and onward took its broadening course,
Big-swoll'n of his enormities, beneath
Hope's hollow surface hid away awhile,
Did yet again of her own laxity
Burst forth, and, crawling, thickens as it goes ;
While for the deeds of bloodshed that he did,
Against good John of Rochester, and More,
With the whole band of holy martyrs—yea,
For after generations, when that truth
And justice shall their names have cleansed from all
Defilement heap'd of hate and ignorance,
And left them pure and beauteous as before,
Shall call them Blessèd—we, indeed, may match,
For might and measure of blood-guiltiness,
The wholesale butcheries throughout the land,
And that one victim ever kept alive,
As on her never-ending misery
To feed a never-satisfied revenge,
Mary of Scotland, in long-suffering dire
Herself a hecatomb !—revenge of wrongs
But conjured up of guile to give a gloze
And colour to resentment and mislike—
Her only crime that to the cruel snare
Decoy'd, and caught and prison'd as a bird,
She, like a bird that beats against the bars,
Chafed at her thrall, and flutter'd to be free.

Ever the cry of treason !—all is treason !
High treason to speak the truth, or worship God
As did our fathers, or at all !—for what
Of worship or of worth in their mis-named
Reform'd religion and new rule of faith,
With its Queen-Pontiff and lay-bishops all,

Its yokel priests with their pretended wives,
And its cold hollow offices? albeit,
Scarce witting, or, of coward fear, still more
Than half dissembling—yet no less my sin,
And I do pray that this my penance may
Of God's great mercy help to blot it out—
That I, alas, did suffer me to be
Holden awhile for proselyte thereof!
My greatest sorrow, that! wherein the rest
Lie but as shadows in a troubled sea,
By storms, tho' overpast, still toss'd and torn,
Lest God me hold not wholly of my shrift,
For so great guilt, and in his own pure sight,
Absolved from reckoning due; that to retain
My Sovereign's good opinion, nothing worth,
Thy love I forfeited, the all in all,—
Nay, more, incurr'd thy righteous anger, thy
Just condemnation and reproach, O Lord!
Seeing that I, who could no longer plead,
In sorry mitigation of my sin,
The princely snares, and youth's impetuous blood,
Uncheck'd of purity; nor feign to hold
Her honest, she so faithless, or for chaste
And maiden modest, past all wilful doubt
Naughty and dissolute,—that, worse than all,
Concealment made of my rekindled faith,
Wherein I should have gloried, when that thou
Of Thy free grace and goodness, and in spite
Of mine iniquities, O Lord! didst deign
To call me to the light, I yet would cling
With lingering fondness unto things I scorn'd,
And for her smiles made hazard of my soul!
But in the end—resistance long, tho' brief—
Thy love, as e'er it must, prevail'd, and I,

My crowning treason—glory be to God!—
Of Thy most precious gift made grateful laud,
Them fronting in its hated holiness.
The Queen least pardon'd that! for oft she vow'd,
Long as men openly but make pretence
To worship as of her own will and pleasure
Charged and commanded, under penalties
From fines and confiscations to the rack
And death and slaughter, in their hearts are they
Free to believe and worship as they please :
And free they were to worship not at all,
As those same ministers who have her ear—
No secret that—but that she well doth fear
Belief in God nor devil would beget
Scorn of all laws, and rebel armament
Against the State's dominion and her own ;—
O fools and blind ! for, soon or late, I trow,
Thereunto must this mock religion lead,
Since how may safeguards all so spurious shield
What were of none defended save the true ?

Blessèd be God, who gave me grace to thwart
My evil-willers—to herself who yet
Do will no good—to frustrate their essays
Me to entangle with their subtle arts,
Whereby they look'd to have me in the springe
Of the Pope's power and supremacy ;
Or, failing that, upon the spurious charge,
Sole resting but on witness null and void,
Extorted from sheer horror of the rack,
Of prayer and supplication for the good
Success and speedy of the fleet from Spain !
Whereof in jot or tittle wholly vain
All effort to convict me ; nor could more
Move me than fumes and threats, the flattering bribe,

That unto me my freedom and my lands,
With all the rights of my attained blood,
Forthwith should be restored ; and, more than that,
And crowning all—for ah ! how well they knew
All sweet temptation could no further go !—
I straight were free as songster to his nest
To wing me back unto mine own good wife,—
To feel in first embrace a double joy,
Blent of the mother and my startling boy !—
So I once only would but one foot set
No more than o'er the threshold of a plain
Protestant house of prayer !—Nay, nay, I knew !
So, the next hour, might ooze the scandal forth,
And, like a fell disease, its way pursue
From house to house, and all the land infect
With taint of my return unto their faith,
And abject recantation !

Not for that

Bore I the first sharp edge of their revenge,
And through long years far more than whatsoe'er
May now befall me of their blunted hate !
And for my darling child—the very name
Is unto me far more than as the waft
Of powder'd spices !—fond word, I may repeat
Over and over, oft as I do list,
Not all their enmity can hinder that !—
My fatherless dear little unseen son,
And his good mother, God wot, who knoweth all,
I them had surely then loved less, did I
Not love this bondage more ! From first to last,
Himself is judge I never held me loth
Of loss of all once mine, nor of my harms
Did other than rejoice, who well do ween
Her Majesty hath lain upon me naught,

Save of His own good will; nay, rather, I
Give thanks and praise, and count me blest, thus held
Worthy, in spite of my iniquities,
To suffer e'en so little for His sake,
Of whose unbounded love it is I now
Am even as I am, so all beyond
And far above man's most malignant power,
That naught can quench or mar the deep sweet peace
Once fall'n upon me of my soul assoil'd,
And suffering is my true felicity.
Would I had twenty lives—gift how too mean
For least of all His mercies, who endured
A thousand-fold for me!—to yield them up.
Fain as the single offering I do hold
Prepared and waiting the poor sacrifice,
Since He doth know it my one wish and will
To perish for the faith on yonder hill!

And of the world that I may take my leave,
My soul of malice pure as when it came
Fresh from the hand of God, in this my last
Prelude, perchance of what, come aught, will be
The humble breathing of my latest breath,
Do I pray God of His great clemency
Forgive the Queen all errors, and the wrongs
Wrought of mislike or guilty ignorance
Upon her loyal subjects, whereof I,
Least of all else of worth, in service due
And fair respect do hold me pass'd of none;
For in despite of treatment harsh, unjust,
To heaping on me hurts unnatural,
I still have held her for my sovereign Prince,
Albeit, as bound of conscience, and my aims
And hopes of Heaven, I did indeed disown
Her blasphemous usurp'd supremacy,

Who would be Queen and Holy Father, too!
Yet hath she for my wrongs and cruelties
Full free forgiveness from my heart of heart,
As I do trust her grace, and whomsoe'er,
Of knowledge or mischance in act or thought,
I have offended, will so pardon me,
Who mind how full myself of sinful faults :
And God, may He have mercy on us all !

The sun is up—but, ah ! how little heeded
Of all the thousands who did never know
Or ponder of prevention ! Day by day
With but a sidelong look it passeth by,
For pity as with grudging, yet loth withal
To turn its gaze upon a place so grim,
And full of dreadful deeds, that well prefer
Darkness to light ; yea, and the moon and stars
At times do seem to me as they belike
Would shun it, too, an if they could !—no marvel !
For oft upon the middle of the night,
So full of its own terrors, break shrieks and groans,
And moanings of the tortured—mingled, too,
From time to time with roar and angry growl
Of the caged beasts, as even they were wroth
At man's far more than ferine cruelty,
Them startling from their sleep. But day and night
Await I, hopeful, and do sometimes seem
To catch the first crepuscule of the dawn
Wherein all splendour and the blaze of suns
Shall pale, and, darkling, fade !

Yet now awhile,
Within this chill dim vault what gleam doth come
Tarries at least the longest that it may ;
And as, or ever it grow less and less
With each to-morrow and to-morrow, yea,

Haply before its very next return,
This place nor sun nor moon may know me more
For ever, let me this once, ere I go,
Beguile me with my graving on the wall,
Unfinish'd still; ah! little did I dream,
When, moved of impulse in some dreary hour
To make a first beginning, *Quanto plus*
Afflictionis, it would e'er be wrought
Of mine own living hand! Howbeit, the days
Went on and on, as I were overlook'd,
Or held of purpose in reserve, as now;
Until at length, though I did eke it out,
Pro Christo in hoc sæculo, and then
Tanto plus gloriæ cum Christo, all
Was finish'd, to the dotting of an i,
And evermore, sad happy record there,
Tells of the weary, ever blest, reprieve;—
Remaineth *in futuro*—God's will, perchance,
Of some beneficent design, I yet
Should live my task to perfect,—so. Amen.

ROBERT STEGGALL.

Mission of Algeria.

PART THE SECOND.

THE death of Mgr. Pavy, 1866, was immediately followed by the subdivision of his vast diocese. By a decree of Pope Pius the Ninth Algiers was erected into an archiepiscopal see, and Mgr., now Cardinal, Lavigerie, whose name is so intimately associated with the progress of religion in Northern and Equatorial Africa, was nominated as its first Archbishop. Two new dioceses, Oran and Constantine, were at the same time created and placed in charge of suffragan bishops.

The beginning of the new *régime* was marked by the completion and consecration of the great Basilica of Notre Dame d' Afrique, which crowns an eminence overlooking the sea at a short distance from the city of Algiers. The devotion to Our Lady of Africa, whose sanctuary has now become a place of popular pilgrimages like that of Our Lady of Fourvières or the Grotto of Lourdes, took its rise from very small beginnings. A little statue of the Blessed Virgin, placed by a devout client on the wayside in a certain valley of evil fame, attracted by degrees the piety of the poor sailors' and fishermen's wives from the neighbouring coast, and many an anxious wife or mother would come to kneel before it, and pour out her fears and sorrows at the feet of her who is ever the tender consolator of afflicted hearts. Gradually the sequestered valley was transformed from a haunt of crime into a place of pilgrimage. A little grotto formed of rocks and shells, and later on a small chapel, were erected on the spot to afford shelter to the venerated image and the daily increasing crowds of devout pilgrims. Soon it became necessary to erect a larger church, and Mgr. Pavy determined that it should be, as far as possible, worthy of its object. Accordingly, suitable plans were drawn out, and efforts made in every direction to raise the funds necessary to complete so costly an undertaking. The appeal was warmly responded to, and the work proceeded rapidly; but

the good Bishop was not spared to behold its completion. He died gazing from his window on the white cupola of the beautiful Basilica already surmounted by the cross, and recommending his beloved Arabs to the maternal heart of her, whom they were to learn from his successor to love and venerate as their mother, and invoke by her now familiar title of "Our Lady of Africa."¹

Within a short time after the death of Mgr. Pavy, the obstacles to the evangelization of the Arabs, raised by the timid policy of the Government, were removed by the direct interposition of Divine Providence. In the year 1868 a severe famine, followed by the ravages of typhus, desolated the land, and decimated the native population. The poor Arabs, devoid of any provision against so terrible a visitation, were reduced to a most pitiable condition. The country was covered with famished wretches resembling skeletons rather than human beings, who might be seen rooting up and devouring the very grass of the fields to stay their hunger, or perishing of fever and exhaustion by the waysides. Nay, even worse horrors than these were to be witnessed—brothers and sisters in the mad phrenzy of famine laying murderous hands upon each other, and parents massacring and devouring the flesh of their own offspring. In the course of a few months thousands of unhappy children were left orphans by the death or abandonment of their parents, and were to be found wandering from house to house in search of food, or dying of fever and starvation in the desolate huts which contained the putrefying corpses of their relatives. In the midst of this dire calamity the voice of the good shepherd was heard, calling on all Christians to fly to the rescue of their famishing brethren, and at his words a stream of charity poured forth from all parts of Christendom, which enabled him to relieve the most pressing wants of the afflicted. Priests and laymen, nuns of various Orders, ladies of the highest rank, physicians, soldiers, &c., all lent their hand to the work. Food and clothing were plentifully distributed, the sick and dying were gathered into hospitals, and the orphan and destitute children were collected together by charitable committees formed in various parts of the province. Many of those who took an active part in these good works fell victims to their zeal and charity. Thus we read of no less than twenty-two

¹ See Lady Herbert's beautiful and edifying history, entitled, *A Saint in Algeria*, published by Burns and Oates.

nuns who were carried off by the prevailing fever in a single community; but others were not wanting to supply the vacant places. The long wished for opportunity of reaching the soul of the Arab through the bodily succour afforded him by Christian charity had now arrived, and the power of the truth was to be brought home to him by the unselfish devotion which sheltered, nursed and succoured him, and which exhibited a striking contrast to the cold indifference with which the agonies of human distress are regarded by the votaries of the selfish and sensual doctrines of Mahomet. But it was to the poor orphans of the famine, whose hearts were not yet hardened with vice and whose minds were not yet obscured by pride and prejudice, that the Archbishop looked with special confidence as supplying the good soil wherein the Word of God might be sown with the well founded hope of obtaining a plentiful return. These without exception found a place in his paternal heart, and he directed that they should be forwarded to him from every part of the province, since he had determined to regard them as his adopted children. Accordingly, day by day, there might be seen arriving before the Archiepiscopal palace mules and wagons laden with a living freight—a squalid crowd of half-naked and famished children. Their little limbs reduced to skin and bone, their stomachs swollen with the grass which for many months they had devoured in order to stay the cravings of hunger, their eyes starting from their sockets, all presented a most pitiable spectacle; while the filthy rags which hung about them, exhaling the noisome stench of fever, caused a sickening sensation in all who approached them. Often too were to be seen on the backs of the beasts of burthen or reclining in the carts, bodies rigid and immovable—the corpses of those who had perished on the road of hunger, cold or disease. Arrived at the Archbishop's door, they were received by the venerable prelate, attended by his clergy and the good Sisters who were to become the adopted mothers of the little Arabs. In spite of the affectionate welcome with which they were greeted, some of the children manifested at first extreme signs of terror, screaming with violence and struggling to escape from the arms so gently held out to receive them. In after years they had many a merry laugh in explaining to their kind foster-parents the reason of their fright. It was the foolish story instilled into them from

their infancy, that the French were ogres and man-eaters, who delighted in nothing better than in entrapping children and sucking their blood. No wonder that their hair stood on end, and that they imagined that their last moment had arrived, when the wagons drew up before the gate of the palace. Soon, however, when they beheld the mild and gentle countenance of the good prelate, beaming with a father's love, and saw all their wants supplied with anxious and tender care by his kind assistants, their little hearts were reassured, and they began to recover the cheerfulness and gaiety of youth to which they had long been strangers. Thus it was that in the course of a few weeks there passed through the Archbishop's palace no less than two thousand of these poor victims of famine, who became henceforth his adopted family. Many of these, indeed, perished in the course of a short time from wasting sickness or other diseases which were the natural effect of their past privations. Others, after the famine ceased, were reclaimed by the parents who had abandoned them, or by surviving relatives. But still there remained many hundreds, whom the Archbishop disposed of by placing them in homes and orphanages, where they would not only be instructed in the truths of religion and the elements of human learning, but be also trained to various employments and the habits of civilized life. Thus the boys were taught the trades which are the most essential for supplying the wants of man, special care being taken to exercise them in the cultivation of the soil, a pursuit so much neglected by the wandering tribes of the desert, but which is the first necessary condition for the existence of civilized society. The girls, on the other hand, were instructed in the various duties of domestic life, and fitted with patient and untiring care for the responsible position which they were to occupy as wives and mothers in their after life.

Many and great were the difficulties encountered in the training of these children of the desert, who even in their earliest years exhibited in a striking degree the evil habits and characteristic vices of their race. Proud, jealous, sullen, passionate and indocile, they were at the same time disfigured by the meanest vices, being greedy, sensual, expert thieves, and almost incorrigible liars. And yet, so powerful is the grace of God, these evil habits were by the patient and watchful care of their kind teachers gradually eradicated and sterling qualities then came to light, like flowers which are only visible when

the weeds which choked them, excluding light, and warmth and moisture are uprooted. Then were the hearts of their foster-parents rejoiced at the sight of their fervent piety, their steady perseverance in combating their passions, and their rapid advance in religious and secular knowledge, a progress due not merely to their natural intelligence, but also to the ardour with which they prosecuted their studies. And with a glad and grateful heart did the good Archbishop discern in some the germs of a priestly vocation, and a generous desire to make their fellow-countrymen partakers of that great treasure of the faith with which the hand of Providence had enriched themselves. A number were accordingly selected and placed in the diocesan seminary, where they might be prepared by a course of prayer and study to become one day the apostles of the numerous tribes scattered over the neighbouring deserts.

Five years having elapsed since the scourge of famine swept the land, many of the orphans had now arrived at an age at which it became necessary to consider the question of their future settlement. Were they to be restored to the tribes from which they were taken and allowed to resume their former savage habits of life, or to be launched forth in various employments amid the dangers of the towns, peopled as is often the case of newly-established colonies by a class mostly drawn from the lowest dregs of society? Neither of these courses commended itself to the mind of Mgr. Lavigerie. He had long meditated upon and had now matured a plan by which all these dangers might be avoided, and the foundations permanently laid of a settled native Christian population. He had determined upon the establishment of Christian villages, the inhabitants of which should be employed in the cultivation of the soil. They were to be taken in the first instance and afterwards recruited from the youths and maidens who had grown up under his own eye in habits of industry and with the advantage of a Christian training. With this view he had already purchased large tracts of fertile land, and had laid out the plan of a new agricultural settlement, to be placed under the patronage of the great African martyr, St. Cyprian. The land having been divided into allotments and streets laid out, cottages were built to receive the newly-married couples. A chapel was also erected in the midst of the village, with a presbytery intended for the residence of the priest, who was to be the temporal guide as well as the spiritual father of the

infant colony. It was in the year 1873 that the first married couples, having plighted their solemn vows at the feet of Our Lady of Africa, and received a fervent blessing on their union from the good Archbishop, came to take possession of their new homes. Thus was the Christian colony of St. Cyprian formally inaugurated, an event soon after followed by the foundation of a second village on the same model, situated at the distance of a few miles, and dedicated to that admirable model of wives and mothers, the great St. Monica.

It was anticipated by Mgr. Lavigerie, and it proved to be the case, that the example of Christians of their own race and kindred, leading a settled and laborious but happy and prosperous life, would exercise a beneficial influence upon the wandering Arabs who peopled the neighbouring plains. Such an exemplification of the practical working of Christianity could not fail, he thought, to remove prejudices, and in course of time to open the hearts of the Arabs to receive the good seed of Divine truth. He was not disappointed. Numbers of their countrymen visited the young settlers, some to have their sores dressed or their maladies prescribed for by the Christian Marabout; but all went away full of amazement at what they had seen, and of admiration at the tender charity with which these poor abandoned orphans had been cherished, educated, and settled in life. "Your own fathers," said they to the young housekeepers, "could never have done for you what the great Marabout of the Christians has done." And when they saw the missionaries and the nuns kneeling to dress with tenderness the loathsome wounds of those who were brought to them from far and near, they would again exclaim: "Why is it that you do all this for us?—our own fathers and mothers would not do as much." Thus it was that some among them were led to know and love the Incarnate God, whose charity to man was so well shown forth in the devoted lives of His servants.

The favourable impression thus produced upon the minds of the natives was still further confirmed by the erection of a vast hospital at St. Cyprian, which was dedicated to St. Elizabeth of Hungary. This establishment was intended by the Archbishop for the reception of the more serious cases, in order that the patients might have the advantage of regular and effectual treatment. To the inauguration of this splendid institution he invited the sheiks and leading men among the

Arabs, and many hundreds of them flocked to the festivities. They were received with the greatest kindness and overflowing hospitality by Mgr. Lavigerie, who was attended by the principal officials of the colony and many distinguished visitors. When the Arabs beheld the splendid building, erected in the Moorish style with colonnades, fountains, terraces and gardens, they lifted up their hands in astonishment. "It is a dwelling for a prince," said they. "No," they were told, "it is for the poor Arab, when he is sick and infirm, to come to, and rest, and be nursed, and cured of his ailments." "But, what," replied they, "must he give in return?" "Nothing whatever," was the answer. "It is a work done for the love of the good God and His suffering children."

Such noble works of charity could not fail to produce a beneficial effect on the native population; for the Arab, though usually wrapped up in a proud reserve, is capable of receiving through his heart a deep impression. It was, however, on the young people of the colony that the Archbishop reposed his chief hopes. It was his delight to visit his adopted children, to counsel and encourage them, to witness their growing numbers, their increasing prosperity, and steady perseverance.

Writing on this subject a few years later, he says :

The villages are the salvation of our children. There, gathered together under the eye of the missionaries, encouraging and supporting one another by mutual example, they are sheltered from the dangers to which they would be exposed in any other part of the colony. The Christian village is an oasis in the desert; all around is laid desolate and parched up by human passions. Here grow up not only my children, but my grandchildren; for I have been for some years a grandfather, the greater part of the cottages being now enlivened with the presence of one or two or even three little ones. I wish you would come with me to visit the village of St. Cyprian, and see me surrounded by a crowd of little folk who call me "Grandpapa Bishop," pull me by my cassock, and climb up on my knees to see if I have any goodies to distribute. I submit to all with joy, and thank the good God who has made use of the charity of the faithful to give life to so many innocent creatures, destined to be one day the instruments of His wise designs. It is only in church that these little ones sometimes give a small amount of trouble; for we cannot induce the mothers to leave them behind, nor can we induce the children when there, to cease from their spontaneous cries of joy and wonder. But, no matter, they give to God their unconscious homage like the birds that chirp around, and celebrate in their own way the Infinite Providence of their Creator.

But come now and let us visit the village. The houses stand apart and are arranged in regular streets. They are humble, it is true, but are bright with cleanliness, one of the most attractive signs of civilization. Young plants of the eucalyptus display their verdure. A church, poor, indeed, but clean and spotless like the other buildings which it overlooks, is surmounted by that sign of peaceful conquest, the cross, which is destined to give spiritual life to this land so long bent under the yoke of death. In front of the village there stretches out a long garden, divided into lots apportioned to the different families, and watered by two wells sunk in the soil. At the back there is a field, surrounded by a double mound of earth, within which are enclosed at night-time the oxen employed in tillage and the goats and sheep which supply the inhabitants with milk and clothing. All around, the sterile brambles and coarse dwarf palm trees are giving place to luxuriant fields of wheat. Everywhere are to be seen signs of useful labour and of active life.

If you ask a European the name of the new village, he will answer, "It is St. Cyprian of Tighsel," the Tighsel being the name of a bordering stream which falls into the Shellif. But if you go to any of the Arab tribes that are camped on the neighbouring mountains, and point out the white cottages afar off on the distant plains, they will say at once, "It is the village of the sons of the Marabout." The Marabout is myself, for in their language they give this name alike to Catholic priests and to the ministers of the false Prophet. The sons of the Marabout are the orphans who were rescued in the great famine, and whom the Arabs regard as my adopted children.

Of all the false religions devised by Satan to seduce the souls of men, there is none which opposes greater obstacles to the reception of Divine truth than the creed of Mahomet. The natural tendency of his doctrine is to render its votaries fanatical, arrogant and sensual; while at the same time it imbues them with a blind fatalism, which makes them indolent, averse to change, and obstinately opposed to religious inquiry. The exact observance, so common among them, of the rites of their creed, with its restrictions in diet, its purifications and prostrations, and its hours of public prayer, only serves to puff them up like the Pharisee with a conviction of their own righteousness, and to inspire them with an utter contempt for the principles and opinions of the rest of mankind. Witness the degradation of the female sex among the true believers, who will hardly allow to woman the possession of a soul, looking upon her as formed by Allah simply to minister to the wants and pleasures of man. Hence arises the abominable practice of polygamy permitted by their tenets—a practice which presents

one of the strongest obstacles to conversion that the missionary encounters.

The far-seeing Mgr. Lavigerie had not overlooked the great and various difficulties, which would beset him on every side in his labours for the evangelization of the natives—difficulties, arising not only from the peculiar principles of their religion, but also from the proud, fickle, jealous and suspicious disposition characteristic of their race. But he was not disheartened. Placing all his confidence in God, he, at the very beginning of his episcopate, set about the great work of forming a band of clergy especially prepared to meet the difficulties of the case. They were to wear the white robe of the Arab, to be familiar with the principal dialects of the country, and inured to the self-same diet, privations, and habits of life, which were common to those among whom their mission was to lie. They were, also, to be instructed in the practice of medicine, a qualification so useful to the missionary in all countries for securing the affection and confidence of those amongst whom he labours, but especially advantageous on the African Continent, where fever, ophthalmia, and other diseases are so common and the means of cure so difficult to obtain. This great work Mgr. Lavigerie placed under the protection of Our Lady of Africa, prescribing at the same time to the members of the newly-formed association a special rule suited to the circumstances of their apostolic vocation. From small beginnings this noble institution, now known by the name of the Society of Algerian missionaries, has in a few years made the most rapid and consoling progress. Its children are now to be counted by hundreds, scattered for the most part over the plains and mountains of Algeria, Tunis, and Tripoli. They are also to be found in the oases of the great Sahara, amid the forests of Unianyembe, on the far-off shores of the Victoria Nyanza and Lake Tanganyika, and even on the banks of the Upper Congo, which latter river forms the furthest limit of their extensive mission.

To assist and support his young apostles in their various undertakings Mgr. Lavigerie instituted an order of nuns, called the Sisters of St. Charles, for educational and charitable purposes, as also two congregations of men and women who were to be employed in agricultural labour with the view of providing means of sustenance for the inmates of his different institutions. The members of these two lay orders were called "Brothers and Sisters of the Venerable Geronimo" and were to be at the

disposal of the Archbishop for the purpose of cooperating with the missionaries in any part of the country where it might be advisable to locate them.

With these resources at his disposal and the further assistance of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus who came opportunely to his aid, Mgr. Lavigerie was now able to establish missionary outposts in the gorges of the great mountain range which separates Algeria from the desert of Sahara, as well as on the confines of the latter. By degrees he hoped to form a line of stations which would open out the means of communication not only with the nomad tribes of the desert, but also with the negro nations of Western Soudan which had been committed to his apostolic care by the Holy See.

On quitting the Algerian plain and advancing among the mountains, the missionaries found themselves thrown in contact with a race of people distinct in habits and character from the Arab tribes with whom they were already acquainted. Though professing like them the creed of Mahomet, they differed in many of their religious observances, and had preserved among themselves certain Christian traditions. For these as well as other reasons they were looked down upon and despised by the Arabs, who considered them as only half Mussulmans. We speak more particularly of the Kabyles who inhabit the mountain ranges, and the Mzabites and Touaregs who are scattered over the great desert. All these tribes are Berbers by origin, being the remnants of that Christian race which peopled the cities and plains of Algeria at the time of the Mussulman invasion and was either ruthlessly massacred or driven back among the mountains by the hordes of fanatical Arabs. There is abundant evidence that the descendants of these unhappy exiles continued for a long time faithful to the religion of their fathers. It is certain that as late as the eleventh century the Kabyles had still Bishops among them, and probably when they did fall away from the faith, it was more from the want of instruction and the means of grace, occasioned by the dying out of their pastors, than from any attraction to the sensual religion of Mahomet. Surrounded with fanatical Mussulmans, by whom they were frequently worsted in warlike engagements, and with whom they were forced to mingle in time of peace, the different Berber tribes at length succumbed and embraced the creed of the false prophet. Still, however, there may be found amongst them many vestiges

of Christianity, which seem to render the work of their conversion more hopeful. Unlike the rest of Mahometans, they hold the female sex in honour, and are free from the debasing practice of polygamy. Neither do they, like the Arab, take the Koran as their civil code, but have laws of their own, handed down from their forefathers, and called by the name of the *Kanoun*, an evident corruption of the word *Canon* so common in Roman legislation. Again, the cross, which is an object of abhorrence to the Arabs, is esteemed and honoured among them. You see it on their weapons, their shields and their garments—nay, even on the saddles of their horses. "What is that which I see marked on your head and your forehead?" said a religious one day to a Kabyle. "It is the emblem of the old way," he replied, "of the way our forefathers followed." And why do you tatoo it on your forehead?" continued his interrogator. "Because," said he, "it is the sign of happiness." "Why then," rejoined the religious, "do you not follow the creed of your fathers, which is the way to happiness?" "As for me," replied the Kabyle, "I was born a Mussulman, and I shall die a Mussulman; but my children will become Christians like their forefathers, and their children will be born Christians."

Among the remnants of Christian tradition so carefully preserved amongst them, there is none more remarkable than the existence of the practice of confession followed by a formal absolution, which exists among the Mzabites. The people of this nation, who give themselves principally to commerce, at certain times of the year cross the mountains in great numbers, and spread themselves over the towns and villages of the Algerian plain. Here the Mzabite trader, being removed from the immediate vicinity of his tribe and the powerful influence of public opinion, frequently transgresses the severe prohibitions of the Koran, and compensates himself for his long abstinence by smoking an endless number of pipes, imbibing quantities of coffee, and sipping, oh horror of horrors! the accursed wine. But his marabout has not lost sight of him, his delinquencies have been carefully noted by some fanatic employed as a spy on the conduct of the absentees, and an exemplary punishment awaits him on his return home. Behold him then at length, when, after having disposed of his merchandise and laid in his provision of corn, he once more traverses the Sahara and returns to the bosom of his family. Hardly has he left the quarter where he traded, than his evil habits cease as if by magic. No

more tobacco, no more coffee, no more luxurious indulgence in forbidden food—he becomes at once the severe Mussulman of old, grave as a statue, cold as marble, unmoved as fate. He makes his regular ablutions, invokes Allah with redoubled fervour, and at the hour of prayers goes with every sign of exterior piety to the mosque. But his edifying fervour will not save him. The marabout, who is well acquainted with his peccadilloes, has determined that he shall bear the full punishment of his sin. No sooner has the congregation assembled at the voice of the *muezzin*, who from the minaret of the mosque summons all true believers to public prayer, than the eye of the marabout descries the sinner in the midst of his brethren, and in a voice of thunder he cries out, “Begone from hence; you are not worthy to join in worship with the faithful.” Overwhelmed with these terrible words of excommunication, the Mzabite withdraws from amongst his brethren, and places himself in the most humble posture by one of the pillars of the mosque. He neither murmurs nor disobeys; it is the law, and he knows that he must submit. Meanwhile, the prayer commences, during the recital of which the excommunicated man utters lamentable groans, invoking the pity of his judge. “Mercy,” he cries out, “oh mercy, mercy!” But the marabout turns a deaf ear to his entreaties, and five times in the day, sometimes for weeks in succession, according to the gravity of the offence, does the penitent pour out his cries of supplication without success.

At length, when the priest considers his expiation sufficient, he feigns to hear him for the first time. “What dost thou ask for?” he says. “I ask for pardon,” replies the sinner. “And why do you seek pardon?” says the marabout. “Because I have sinned,” rejoins the culprit. “But what hast thou done?” asks the priest. “I have smoked tobacco and Indian hemp, I have drunk coffee, I have tasted wine, I have eaten of the food of the infidel. Mercy, oh mercy!” The marabout appears to hesitate for a moment, and then with a solemn and imposing voice pronounces the words of absolution: “I pardon thee; may God pardon thee!” Thus terminates the penance of the sinner. From that moment he resumes his place amongst his brethren, and for the future can worship along with them.

Does not this expiatory discipline, habitually practised among these tribes of the desert, forcibly recall to the mind the public confession and penance, so common in the first ages of the Church, and which have no doubt been handed down

through so many centuries by a constant tradition from the early Christians?

The time had now arrived when the soil of Africa, so prolific during past ages in Christian heroes, was again to be watered with the blood of martyrs. In the month of January, 1876, Mgr. Lavigerie authorized the departure of an apostolic expedition to Timbuctoo, that great emporium of the Soudan, which so few European travellers have ever visited, but which so many have lost their lives in attempting to reach. It was not, however, in the cause of science or of commerce that Fathers Bouchard, Paulmier, and Minoret undertook so perilous an enterprise. They burned to break through the barrier erected against the progress of the Gospel by Moslem fanaticism, and to carry the glad tidings of salvation to the yet pagan nations which peopled the Western Soudan. Having been for some time located in the northern part of the Algerian Sahara, these missionaries had already made several expeditions into the desert, and had become familiar with the habits and language of the principal nomad tribes. Encouraged by the assurances of certain Touaregs, whose sores they had dressed and healed, and who had invited them to visit their desert home, the Fathers now contemplated a longer expedition, determining if possible to penetrate to the city of Timbuctoo, whence lay the road to the negro nations of the South. Being well aware of the imminent dangers attending their enterprise, they took the precaution, before setting out on their journey, of making their last testaments, in which they have left us a touching record of the heroic dispositions wherewith they were animated. "Uncertain," writes Father Minoret, "whether the journey may not be the last act of my life, I solemnly declare before God that I undertake it with the sole end of promoting His glory and the salvation of the people of the Soudan. Moreover, I protest that I die a docile and obedient son of the Holy, Roman, Catholic and Apostolic Church, and the devoted child of God's Vicar upon earth." And Father Paulmier closes his testament with these edifying words: "I ask pardon from the bottom of my heart of all whom I have offended. I implore them and all who have known me to have pity on my poor soul, to pray for me, and to procure prayers in my behalf, since they are aware of the great need which I have of such help."

In vain did the faithful Sheik Chambay, along with the Arabs in whose tribe the Fathers had been located, and who

had become devotedly attached to the Christian marabouts, seek to dissuade them from their perilous enterprise. Finding their entreaties of no avail, they at length suffered them to depart, but not without first exacting from them a written attestation, that they had undertaken the journey of their own free will and in spite of the efforts made to detain them. The missionaries were deeply touched with these signs of affection, but they judged the opportunity too favourable to permit them to be diverted for a moment from their generous purpose.

The Rev. Father Deguerry, Superior of the Institute, accompanied the three travellers to the confines of Algeria, and returned deeply affected with the spectacle which he had witnessed. The joy which they evinced in being chosen to be the first to march forwards to the conquest of this vast empire of Satan was indescribable. Having exchanged with their Superior a parting embrace, they remounted their camels, and set out chanting the *Te Deum* with all the fervour of their generous hearts. Father Deguerry listened to the triumphal song of these valiant soldiers of Christ as long as the echo of their voices could reach him, and followed them with his eyes until the little caravan was lost to sight in the depths of the desert.

From that day the most complete mystery shrouded the events of their journey, no letter or communication from the travellers of any kind ever reaching their friends in Algeria. At length a vague rumour began to be scattered among the tribes of the Northern Sahara that the three missionaries had been assassinated in the desert, when almost within reach of their destination. This report was soon after confirmed, in a manner that could leave no further room for doubt, by the testimony of a party of ostrich hunters, who had discovered their dead bodies amid the desert wastes within a short distance of Timbuctoo. There is every reason to believe that they fell victims to Mussulman fanaticism, and that they were massacred by the black Touaregs, a savage race inhabiting that portion of the Sahara. As to the particulars of their death, all that we know is that they were beheaded. Their bodies were found in close proximity, as if they had drawn near to each other for mutual encouragement and absolution, and had knelt down together to receive the fatal stroke. The body of their guide, who was an Arab Mussulman, was disfigured with wounds, as though he had striven to sell his life dearly, and his head was

reason to believe that the missionaries were put to death in not separated from the trunk. This different treatment gives hatred to their religion, for according to the custom of the Mahometans, the punishment of decapitation is reserved for the Christian who suffers for his faith, and is never inflicted on a follower of the Prophet.

The news of this triple martyrdom, far from daunting or discouraging the comrades of the deceased missionaries, filled them with a holy envy and a generous ardour to follow in their footsteps and share if possible their glorious crown.

H. GIBSON.

Love and Self-Love.

THOSE who are absolute strangers to philosophy generally think of it as concerned with subjects far above the profane circuit of vulgar thought. Philosophers are to them inhabitants of a distant Laputa who require a flapper to bring them to consider the ordinary interests of life. When, however, they have worked a short time in Wisdom's looms, they find it is precisely the most common matter from which she evolves her most subtle tissues, and which she adorns with her most stately phraseology. They learn from Mill's *Logic* that to analyze what the mind goes through when it affirms, *e.g.*, Gladstone is a man, is one of the most complex problems of metaphysics. In perusing Father Harper's great Fragment they discover, not without awe, that when the housemaid opens the shutters of a morning, she is positing the *Conditio Removens Prohibens*. And because a poor child asks its mother, "What is that thing," they hear it accused of abstracting transcendentals. To these at least it will not seem beneath a philosopher to try and define true love nor a waste of time to expostulate its cause.

The word love is not one which is often on our lips, as it is generally reserved for one particular phase of love; we all understand when an Englishman charges a friend with being in love, just as when a Frenchman confides to any one that will listen to him the secret contained in *J'aime (simpliciter)*, that the perfection of the fourth precept is not what he has in his mind. But philosophers use the word in a much wider sense; with them the motive of every single action we perform, the cause of everything we do, is love. Thus, whether a man devotes himself to death for his country, or sells it, whether he is the benefactor or the swindler of his neighbours, whether he cherishes or beats his wife, whether he dies a martyr of penance or of gout, he always acts through love. We, however, wish to use the word in a sense more restricted than the last and wider than the first, in the sense namely of ordinary written language; that is as the

principle of a more sensible desire of a thing, or affection for a person, as when we say we love our mother, our friend, power, painting, or wine.

Dr. Ullathorne regrets somewhere that there should be only one word, Love, to express things so remote from each other, nay, so contradictory, as the love of oneself and the love of God. He even says that love is always of another. Indeed, self-love is generally so much maltreated by ascetics, that the word has got into bad repute. They, of course, use the word in the sense of St. Paul, when he describes the deplorable set of men who are to come in the last times as lovers of themselves; that is, men who have a *mistaken* love of themselves; who indulge what is lower in them at the expense of what is higher; who prefer for example the sweets of ease to the advantages of work, the promptings of the senses to the dictates of reason, the interests of time to those of eternity.

Nevertheless, it may be regretted that ascetic writers do not more carefully distinguish, in their strong and sweeping denunciations of self-love. For if there is a self-love which is bad, there is also one which is good and necessary; and indiscriminate vituperation is apt to generate a certain nervousness in those who want to be good, but who don't quite see their way to altogether excluding their own interest. And doubtless it has been one of the causes why many religious men have wandered into such woful aberrations on the subject of pure love. For love is so lovely itself and so beautiful in its effects, that those who think much about it and devote themselves to it, fall in love with Love, and are fired with zeal for its honour. On the other hand, if all self-love is a "deceitful enemy," a "corroding worm," a "Judas," etc., it must vitiate anything with which it mingles. And consequently these zealous lovers of pure Love would not allow that any self-interest should tarnish its lustre; they insisted that we should carry unselfishness to the point of acquiescing in our own damnation, and even of not desiring love itself as our own good. From such eccentricities it is a relief to turn to the philosophers, and comfort ourselves with some such robust proposition as that of Suarez, *Bonum omne quod appetitur est semper aliquo modo ipsius appetentis bonum*. That is, we can never love or desire anything that is not some way or another our own good.

Let us examine this, and begin with our lowest example. When I say I love wine, my love embraces two objects, the

liquor and myself; but not in the same sense, for my love goes directly to myself, and I love myself for my own sake; whereas I love wine because it pleases me, not for its sake. In other words the love of myself is absolute, the love of things I desire for my sake, is relative; I love myself with the love of friendship, I love wine with the love of concupiscence. All love is divided by these two loves, exemplified by the love of self, and the love of wine; there is no love high or low which cannot be reduced to one or the other, or as Father Harper might say, they dichotomize the whole periphery of love. The love of a friend or a mother, the love of country, even the love of God, belong to the love of friendship, and take their form from the love of self, and would be impossible without it; thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself, says the precept. Whereas all the loves of things which we love for our own sakes, the love of persons merely because they are beautiful and pleasant, the love of money, pleasure, power, belong to the love of concupiscence.

We begin by giving the rationale of love in a nutshell, and afterwards we shall evolve; for though brevity is the soul of wit, in philosophy it is sometimes obscure. Unity is the cause of love, unity is the effect of love, and unity is love.

When we say unity is the cause of love, we mean much the same as the proverb, "Birds of a feather flock together." Let us survey the whole range of disinterested love, or the love of friendship, and we shall find that it is an extension of self-love. We love others as we love ourselves, because they are one with ourselves; and they are one with ourselves, when they have qualities identical with our own. We have as we say something in common, we "communicate in a form," and therefore regard ourselves and them as one in that form; and therefore our affection tends to them in the same way as it does to ourselves, and we wish them well in the same way as we wish ourselves well.

Thus the friendship between brothers and sisters is founded on many similitudes or communications. They have the same blood in common, so that they love each other as they do their own substance; and this thing they have in common being unchangeable, the friendship that is founded on it is stable and firm; one that will exist in spite of many obstacles, and persist in spite of many rubs. They have the same parents for whom they have a common love, their ancestors in whom they have a common pride, their homes, their habits, their education, all in

common. And as they grow older, they have the recollection of their youth spent together, the scenes and memories of their spring-time, which are so dear to all. For the glamour of youth is shed over all its recollections; they have a particularity, a poetry, compared with which all the doings of later life are common and prosaic. We feel that it is youth we are meant for, and that in the time of youth we were truly ourselves: age is an intruder who has robbed us of part of our individuality; and so we love those who shared our youth as if they alone really knew and appreciated us.

In like manner, when a man loves his country much, his heart will go out to those who communicate with him in the form of nationality, in whom he sees the native physiognomy and detects the native brogue, very differently from what it does to a foreigner. And so men generally make their friends among those who share their work or their amusements, or who believe in the same creed, religious or political. And likewise, if we explain why we have no affection for a particular person, it is ordinary for us to say, "We don't get on together, we have nothing in common." What seems to be necessary for the special emotion of love of which we are here speaking, is that we should set a particular value on the form in which we communicate with another, or the thing we have in common; and secondly, that there should be no special impediment from another quarter.

For the first condition it is generally necessary that the form should not be shared by too many persons. The hearts of most men are too narrow to cherish specially many individuals. Seldom will a heart be found so generous, as to glow with sensible warmth for another, merely because he shares his nature; *ab assuetis non fit passio*, as they say, which means, that it is nothing when you are used to it. Yet if we have been long in solitude, the sight of a human face will gladden us like the rising sun. We all know how we come out of our shells and metaphysically embrace a person in whom we find a little sympathy for some crotchet or pet passion; and the *femmes savantes* who loved learning, were quite philosophical in wishing to kiss M. Vadius *pour l'amour du grec*.

On the other hand, we may have everything in common but one, but if that is the one thing on which we have set our heart, the dissimilitude will neutralize all the similitudes. Thus we may imagine two brothers of similar tastes and education,

both we will say priests, both devoted to their work, yet perhaps if they take different views on the Irish question, they may each be offering himself to God every morning, to endure the other, if necessary, to the day of judgment.

The second condition necessary that unity may cause love, is that there should be no impediment from another quarter. For it may seem that similitude, far from being a cause of love, is often the cause of hatred; as the Scripture says, "Among the proud there are always contentions," and the proverb was old in the time of Aristotle, which said, *καὶ κεραμεὺς κεραμεῖ κοτέει*, *i.e.*, if there is one man a potter particularly dislikes, it is another potter. The reason of this is that as unity is the basis of love, a man must love himself more than any one else; for with himself he is one in substance, with others he is one only in the similitude of form; he is nearer to himself, so he must be dearer. And accordingly when another man's likeness is an impediment to one's proper good, it will accidentally be the cause of hatred. Thus, usually, rival queens, or rival singers, or rival politicians, hate each other, and there will be coldness among relatives if they are trying to cut each other out in the favour of a rich uncle; and no matter how long a man has dwelt in the loneliness of a desert island, the appearance of one clad in the same nature as his own, will give him no pleasure, if he perceives he is aiming a tomahawk at him.

But, it may be objected, if the case of love is so, it follows that no one can love another more than himself, and surely this is a low view of love which, the poet tells us, is the nobleness of life. Are there not to be found some who for their friend will perchance dare to die? And if a man lay down his life for his friend, how can he have greater love for himself? Nevertheless the philosopher is inexorable.¹ A man cannot attain with another to the unity he has with himself, and therefore he cannot love another individual equally as he loves himself. Hence, if he die for his friend it is because he is fired with a noble enthusiasm for generosity and sacrifice; and he regards all corporal good and even life itself, as dung, so that he gain the spiritual good of a grand action. No one

¹ τὰ φιλικὰ πρὸς τοὺς φίλους ὅσκειν ἐκ τῶν πρὸς ἑαυτὸν ἐληλυθέναι.—That is "The love we bear ourselves is the principle of the love we bear others;" and it is an axiom that the principiate cannot rise higher than its principiant.

would admire a man who for the sake of his friend defiled himself with a dishonourable action.

We have said that he cannot love an *individual* more than himself, for in the case where a man is to another or others as the part to the whole, if he is a member of a society or the citizen of a kingdom, it is right for him to love the good of the whole more than that of a part, even though that part be himself. In the same way that the hand will expose itself to save the whole body, so will a virtuous citizen expose both life and goods for the sake of the community. Much more will a man naturally² love God more than himself, who is not only the principle of the good he loves in himself, but the universal good of all things and the reason of their existence.

The great impediment to honest love is selfishness. Friendship implies the inclusion of others in our self-love, selfishness is their exclusion; friendship is a radiation, selfishness is concentration. This concentration is caused by our setting an inordinate and almost unique value on what from its nature cannot be shared with others. This disorderly love is generally either sensuality or pride. A sensual man is engrossed by the love of his own bodily pleasure, which by its nature cannot be common to him and another; and he sets no store by qualities others may have in common with him. Moreover, loving ease and comforts, and everything that can minister to them, he is afraid of friends; he never can rid himself of a lurking suspicion that they intend to share what he wants for himself, or to put him to some trouble, or to borrow money from him. As the habit grows he ceases even to think of any interest besides his own, and all attempts to make him take thought for others, or sympathize with their point of view, only cause a vague bewilderment. Pride is even a greater obstacle to love, and forms a baser and harder quality of selfishness than sensuality. A proud man must be first, he must excel; he admits no equal, still less a superior. Now, two cannot be first, and so a man whose whole will is bent on being first, sets his heart on a thing which cannot be shared with another, and therefore which cannot possibly be the foundation of friendship. Far from being drawn to love by similitude, he hates it; and by overrating himself and by underrating others, and if necessary, by shutting his eyes, he avoids seeing it when he can. His affection is centred on the tenuity which he calls his *Ego*, in reference to which only,

² Cf. S. Thomas, 2^a 2^e, xxvi. 3; and 1^a 2^e, cix. 3.

he values anything else; and in this affection no one else can enter, for the *Ego* is precisely that in a man which is incommunicable. The attitude of a proud man towards his neighbours is one of self-defence, if not of aggression; he is at ease only with those who willingly acknowledge his superiority, or with those whose eminence is so conspicuous that it is an honour for him to converse with them.

Such is the ruin that pride and sensuality bring on the heart, and which is often seen in the old and middle-aged. A few there are to whom it is a real sorrow that they have so little power of love, and that it seems to be waning away with the progress of years. They look back to the spring-time of their life when there seemed to be "as it were a bird in their bosoms" ever ready to break out with the song of love. Then, the sight of beauty, as Plato speaks, filled them with awe and reverence, and their souls burned at the story of heroic deeds, and their whole nature was radiant towards everything that was good and true. Now all is changed. It seems as if a petrifying hand had passed over their hearts, leaving it heavy and cold. Nothing moves them now but what concerns their own sordid interests. The love of others provokes no return; gratitude is such a burden that sometimes they will shrink from a benefit rather than incur the obligation. They have no compassion for pain nor sympathy with sorrow. Those who love them and whom they once loved, die, and they find with surprise that it makes no void in their lives, and that they enjoy their comforts with their usual imperturbability. Perhaps as they stand at their graves with eyes as stony as their hearts, they will almost weep for sorrow that sorrow does not make them weep. The remedy is self-denial. If, and we are expressly putting the supernatural out of sight, if they conquer their sensuality and break their pride, they will gradually find their hearts softening, and once more sensitive to all the influences to which in youth they were so responsive.

But, we may imagine some young person exclaiming, in all this talk about love, when are we coming to the real thing? How about true love, the poet's inspiration, the novelist's theme, the young dream of all—love at first sight? What becomes of your forms and qualities, your unities and similitudes, when this young and rose-lipped cherub puts in an appearance? We were intending to say nothing on this subject, but to leave the intelligent reader to explain it from what we have laid down.

Difficilis enim materia est et lubrica. We are, however, moved to say a few words by an interesting article in a recent *Fortnightly* by Mr. Grant Allen, on "Falling in Love." This writer stoutly defends the "ancient and famous human institution," the "time-honoured practice," the "system" of falling in love, as a means of choosing a partner in life, against artificial selection by a committee of physiologists. With this we cordially agree. We also agree in looking at love at first sight as the result of an instinct. But we cannot follow him in thinking that "adaptation between husband and wife, so far as their own happiness is concerned, can have had comparatively little to do with the evolution of the instinct, as compared with adaptation for the joint production of vigorous and successful offspring." Why not? Why should nature be solicitous merely for the perfection of future individuals, and not for the perfection of actual society? If she is so provident for ants and bees, why not for men? Civilization is the perfection of society, and monogamy is essential to civilization. If, therefore, nature intends her own perfection, she must secure that the men and women to whom she commits the work of preserving the species, should pair so as to live tolerably together. Why then say that falling in love is an instinct which has been "mainly or almost solely developed in the interests" of the offspring, and not also for the "minor matter" of the happiness of husband and wife? If we look at the account of the creation of Eve, we will see the intention of finding for Adam a "helper like himself," at least as prominent as that of "filling the earth." And Mr. Allen informs us (*experto crede*, we hope), "that it is a common consciousness with every one of us who has been long married, that we could hardly conceivably have made ourselves happy with any of the partners whom others have chosen; and that we have actually made ourselves so with the partners we chose for ourselves under the guidance of an almost unerring native instinct." We further venture to quarrel with the assertion contained in the latter part of the following: "What we fall in love with individually, is, I believe, our mental, moral, and physical complement. Not our like, not our counterpart; quite the contrary, within healthy limits our unlike and our opposite." If it is our complement we fall in love with, how can it be called our unlike? That which actuates a potentiality must, so far, be like it. But we deny that it is merely with his complement that a man falls in love. Love at first sight,

which Mr. Allen calls "that deepest and divinest of human intuitions" (though without explaining how it is at the same time "an ancient and famous human institution"), may be no more; but love at first sight is but a bud of love which requires summer's ripening breath to prove a beauteous flower. If it goes no further, it may be little more than the love of concupiscence.

But we doubt very much whether even love at first sight is not rather a vision of unity than the intuition of one's complement. And we think this is proved by the effects; the effect of the intuition of one's complement is the desire of possessing; the effect of the vision of unity is the desire of giving. Now, if we trust novelists, who in this matter have won Mr. Allen's approval, is not the desire of giving, of pleasing, of devoting oneself, much more the character of a lover than the desire of possessing and enjoying? Does he not feel that it is a more blessed thing to give than to receive? If a lover is "All made of passion and all made of wishes," is he not also and still more—

All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance?

"Love feels no burthen, values no labours, would willingly do more than it can," says à Kempis. Before the bolt of love, vanity, affectation, pride, selfishness, collapse in a man's heart like a house of cards. A man may, as Mr. Allen says, fall in love with a "rounded arm or a lovely face" or with "intellectual qualities or moral beauty," but if in the process he does not find more and more sympathy, if he does not feel that he understands better, and that he is better understood, that he has found a comrade with whom hand and hand he may walk down the avenues of life, if, in a word, he does not apprehend unity, the poor bud of love will be nipped as by an untimely frost.

Purpureus veluti cum flos succisus aratro,
Languescit moriens.

Having seen how unity is the cause of the love of friendship, let us now examine how unity is the cause of the love of concupiscence, *i.e.*, the love that makes a man love money or horses or power. St. Thomas, from whom we take most of our reasons, and some of our language, says that there is a similitude not only between things which have actually the same form or qualities; but also between that which actually has the form, and

that which is merely potential to it. In other words there is a similitude between *potentia* and *actus*; *in ipsa potentia quodam modo est actus*. Thus for example there is a likeness between the power and the act of understanding. Between the power and act of waking up, or between the power and the act of smelling; which does not mean that in order to appreciate a rose, one's nose must be red, but that there must be a correspondence between that which in the organ is receptive, and that which in the flower is causative of the scent.

Now in every potentiality there is the desire for the act, for the act is the perfection of the potentiality, and all things long for their perfection. Thus, as we have the power of knowledge, we long for knowledge, and as we have a capacity for food, we long for it, and each of the faculties and senses longs for its proper object. Therefore, when we see an object which corresponds to our needs, we look on it as part of our well-being; and this apprehension of the thing as part of ourselves is the cause of our desiring it; in other words unity is the cause of love. And this explains what might seem to be opposed to what we said at first, that likeness is the cause of friendship. For it often happens that we are attracted to characters very different from our own, and we admire in others qualities we are far from possessing. Thus a fair face or a beautiful voice will make us put up with many defects, even though we ourselves croak like ravens, and like Pelisson abuse the permission, which men have received, of being ugly.

But, in fact, when we love in others qualities which we have not ourselves, we always love what we desire for ourselves; and we can only desire that which we apprehend as perfecting our potentiality, and consequently we find here the unity of act and potentiality. And further we must distinguish between admiration and love; for the one may be without the other, Admiration, indeed, is often the dawn of love; for as a man generally admires his own qualities, when he perceives that some one else admires them, an agreeable unity is effected, on which a beginning of love is founded. And in the same way it is that love provokes love; as I love myself, I am cordially at one with another who loves me, and therefore I love him, and therefore he loves me; like light on two opposite mirrors reverberating into endless vistas. Again love is very complex, and in analyzing it we may easily confuse cause with effects. Thus, when once love is established on unity, we embrace the person

with all his qualities, and rejoice in him and forgive him even as we rejoice in and forgive ourselves. Hence I may easily imagine I love a man on account of dissimilarities and crotchets and eccentricities, whereas really I take pleasure in them, merely on account of the love I bear him, and this is founded on unity. But granted a man loves another for what he neither has nor desires in himself, as I might love a good actor though I should hate to be one; we may say with St. Thomas¹ that when a man loves another for an excellence which he neither has nor desires in himself, there is still a similitude of proportion; thus a good writer may love a good singer because the writer has the same proportion to his art as the singer has to his. They both can do some one thing well.

In explaining the cause of love, we have to a great extent made it clear what love is; it is the union of affection which follows the apprehension of unity. When we apprehend any one as having the same quality as ourselves, and therefore one with ourselves in a form, the will embraces him as it does ourselves, and we wish him good as we do ourselves; he becomes as it were a second self, and as Horace says of Virgil, *Anime dimidium meæ*. And likewise, when we apprehend a thing or an action as part of our well-being, as completing our potentiality, the will receives an impression by which it is as it were sealed; which impression is, so to speak, an adaptation of the will to the object; from which follows motion of the will towards the object. Hence love is not so much the motion of the lover to the beloved, as the cause or principle of motion, *Principium motus amati in amatum*.

For instance, we may imagine some fragment of a meteor wandering in space and coming by chance under the influence of the earth's attractiveness. Mother earth makes an impression, and the fragment receives the form of gravity, which we may call its love, even as St. Augustine calls his love his weight. From this love or gravity flows its motion to the earth, of which the term is union and rest on the earth. Or again, I may be wandering near home, feeling a strong potentiality for food, when suddenly the dinner-bell rings, and the apprehension of the unity of my potentiality with the act of dining, makes on my will the impression we call love, which is a co-adaptation to, a connaturality with, an inclination towards, and a complacency in the dinner. This love causes the motion of the will called desire,

¹ 1^a 2^æ, xxvii. 3 ad 2.

quickly followed by locomotion, and both ending, if all goes well, in the rest and joy of the dinner-table. Or again, I may see a genial and pleasant countenance, whose owner I surmise has everything I need to complete my social potentialities, he will sympathize with my grievances, he will weigh my opinions, he will entertain me with his experiences, he will laugh at my jokes; consequently I am attracted and beg to be introduced.

It is now obvious how unity is the effect of love; for if it is the principle of the motion of the lover to the beloved, its end must be rest in and union with the beloved. Love is formally the union of affection, and the union it causes is the real union with the object according to its nature. Thus, he who loves a friend is satisfied only by his actual presence, and the exchange of mutual confidence. He who loves wine craves for it, till by swallowing he has made it one with himself. The lover of power and place never ceases struggling and intriguing till he grasps it and makes it his own, and then he says *J'y suis, j'y reste.*"

Unity therefore is the universal cause of love, and to unity all love tends. From unity springs all joy and peace; pain, disease, sorrow, everything we have a horror of, comes from division. At present we know that every creature groaneth and travaileth in pain; when they have attained full and perfect unity they will rest and be glad, *lætabuntur in cubilibus*, "as after much turmoil, a blessed soul doth in Elysium."

B. KINGLEY.

*"Out of the Beaten Track."*¹

PART THE SECOND.

ONE would suppose that if any one wandered out of the beaten track it would be a roving Englishman. Whether this roving spirit is dying out of the modern Anglo-Saxon or not, the fact seems to be that most Englishmen, like the shooting stars of our planetary system, confine their wanderings to certain fairly well defined orbits, leaving the rest of space for the more enterprising Teuton. Such seems to have been the experience of the travellers in the *Marchesa*, as we gather, for example, from some remarks about Gorontalo, a small out of the way place in Celebes.

There are hardly half a dozen Europeans in this far away sleepy hollow, and among them, as a matter of course, is the inevitable German. He is to be found wherever dark continents have been penetrated by the white man, and is as invariable a sign of advancing civilization as an empty sardine tin, a missionary, or a broken Bass bottle. Most of us know that he bids fair to take the trade out of our hands in the Chinese ports, and in many of our colonies, but he does not confine himself to the British flag. After leaving Batavia not an Englishman is to be found in the whole of the Netherland India, but there are Germans at almost every settlement.

For a commercial nation depending as we do so much on foreign markets, this ubiquity of the commercial German is a serious sign of the times, and the outlook is not made brighter for English manufacturers by the fact that in these regions where the German has not got the bulk of the trade into his hands, the Chinaman has. *Apropos* of the Chinaman, the following passage is instructive. The travellers were bent on visiting Brunei, a town raised on piles in the water.

The vast collection of houses, which is said to give shelter to a population of between twenty and thirty thousand people, lies in the

¹ *The Cruise of the Marchesa*. By F. H. H. Guillemard, M.A., M.D. London: John Murray, 1886.

middle of a lake-like expansion of the river, shut in on all sides by hills, which, though insignificant in height, are not unpicturesque. But the most striking view is of course obtained when looking down from them on the city below. Hardly anywhere is an inch of ground to be seen, and many of the houses are built in deep water. Myriads of canoes dart about in all directions. The Brunei people are practically amphibious, and the children cruise about in miniature canoes almost before they are weaned. The safety of these craft is perfectly immaterial. At the age of five or six, these little urchins have done far more swimming than walking, and their chief amusement seems to be the capsizing of each others boats. . . . We anchored close to the wharf of the leading Chinese merchant, the agent for the North Borneo Company, and our first visit was to his house. He had been made a Datu, and was a personage of considerable importance. The Chinaman has made his way throughout the length and breadth of Malaysia. How he swarms in Singapore we are all aware, but that he is equally at home in Aru Islands, and bids fair to monopolize the trade of the Philippines is not perhaps so generally known. At Macassar, he shares the mercantile plum with the Germans. In the Moluccas, the vast amount of graves around Ternate testifies to the number of his race who have lived and died there. In New Guinea alone he is not to be found, for neither white man or Malay has, as yet, fairly established himself there, and the Celestial is rarely or never a pioneer. Every one who has visited Australia or California has seen what he can do when competition runs high, and money making is the chief object, and should chance lead the traveller afterwards to the islands of the Malay Archipelago, the almost universal success of the Chinese population will cause him but little astonishment. The freemasonry existing among their race obtains work for the new-comer from the moment of his arrival, and as soon as he is able he embarks in trade. The indolent dreamy Malay is as a child in his hands. Little by little his money-bags grow. Soon he has a clerk, and ceases to pare his finger nails. An air of commercial prosperity beams on his countenance, and he is clad in purple and fine linen. It is not long before he is the owner of a highly-ornamented house . . . and the best brand of champagne. Our host had long ago acquired this furniture of a terrestrial paradise, and produced some of it in the shape of a bottle of excellent Jules Mumm, which we discussed while talking Brunei politics and examining his goods.

It would be interesting to have some indication of the state of religion amongst these mixed populations. The Portuguese, with all their greed for money, did not entirely forget the faith that was in them, but since their overthrow by the Dutch in these parts, religion has been pretty much left out in the cold.

The few notices of the Protestant missionaries—mostly

Dutch—with whom the travellers came in contact, are not very impressive. They seem to be chosen from the working classes "as being more fitted to instruct the natives in the useful arts," and the general success of their efforts may be gathered from the following extract anent the New Guinea mission.

The small building which acts as church and schoolroom was erected by Mr. Bink and Mr. Van Hasselt (the missionaries) with their own hands. A few children were brought out for our inspection. They sang hymns remarkably well, and could read and write, but it seemed to us a pity that the lesson of our Saviour's life on earth was less taught than the dry details of Old Testament history. Judging merely from the inside of the schoolroom, the Dorei mission would appear to be a success, but in reality it is to be feared that it is not so. The entire result of twenty-eight years of mission work and the sacrifice of many lives is but sixteen adult and twenty-six child converts.

Another missionary whom they came across, and whose mission "we learnt had not been attended with much success," occupied himself in the eminently useful task of printing a little book of hymns in the Nufoor language, and took a (pecuniary) interest in birds. He had some rare birds in his collection,

and as we were anxious to obtain some of them, we broached the subject to Mr. Woelders. He informed us that he would part with them "for the sake of the good cause," and asked us to make an estimate of their value, which we accordingly did on—as we considered—the most liberal terms. To our astonishment our offer was refused, and a sum demanded which was more than double what the collection would have been worth in Europe. As politely as we were able we intimated that the state of our purses did not admit of the expenditure of such an amount "even for the good cause," and the matter dropped. At a later period, however, as one of us was particularly anxious for certain of the specimens, we raised our bid slightly, but with no effect, and no more was said until our departure. The anchor was a-weight and the yacht just leaving when a canoe was made out paddling hard after us. We waited, and a letter was handed up. . . . We might have the birds. In this affair it must be confessed our faith in missionaries sustained a somewhat severe shock.

No doubt men of this stamp can hardly be looked upon as pioneers of Christianity, but even in their lower capacity as "Signs" of advancing civilization it is scant courtesy to enumerate them as such side by side with "empty sardine tins and broken Bass bottles."

Macassar, in spite of its familiar name, seems quite out of

the beaten track of English globe-trotters, "it is seldom that an Englishman is found in these regions," though Macassar is the most important town in the whole of the Dutch West Indies and the centre of trade of a vast extent of country.

Our ships rarely cruise in these waters, but just previously to our arrival H.M.S. *Champion* had visited Macassar—the first English man-of-war that had entered the port for thirty years. . . . The ship was received with such kindness that the interval might well have been a century, and the letters of introduction we carried from her officers ensured us a warmth of hospitality as pleasant as it was unexpected. . . . It is probable that my reader is not acquainted with the etiquette to be observed in ceremonial calls, so I may as well describe one once for all. A ceremonial call is generally paid at 7 p.m., dinner being at a quarter or half-past eight, and a black coat with tails is a *sine qua non*. A dress-coat and waistcoat are considered *de rigueur*, but a frock-coat, or even a "cut-away" may be worn without a breach of decorum. Tails, however, are absolutely essential, and a coat destitute of these ornaments, even if black, would fail to guarantee one's respectability. The trousers should be white, and a hat, even if only carried, is indispensable. To Englishmen the latter rule may appear superfluous, but in the Dutch East Indies no head covering of any kind is worn after sunset by either sex. The guests on arrival are seated round a table, generally in the verandah, and port, Madeira, Hollands, and bitters, are placed before them—drinks that in defiance of the climate, no well-regulated Dutchman would dream of omitting as a prelude to dinner.

Manila cheroots are handed, for smoking is of course universal, and behind the master of the house squats a native with a firestick, ready to respond to the *Kasi api* of any guest who may require a light. He must be *robur et æs triplex* who would venture upon gin and such like fiery liquids in these latitudes before dinner. Champagne appears to be a favourite wine with the Dutch, and the supply of it was inexhaustible. It had, we learnt, a prophylactic power of which we had till then been ignorant. The advent of cholera was expected, and we were instructed how to avoid it. "Float the liver, my dear sir, keep your liver constantly floating in champagne, and you will never catch the cholera," was the advice given to us, and certainly every one seemed to act up to it to the best of his ability.

The main features of the Dutch Malayan towns are very similar:

A row of white shops and merchants' offices lines the sea, and dust of a lightness and powderiness that is not excelled in California or the Diamond Fields, covers the streets to the depth of an inch or more. These are otherwise clean enough, and the spare time of the native servants—and they appear to have plenty of it—is occupied in per-

petual watering. There is of course a fort, and, equally of course, a *plein*. The cemetery is significantly full. Almost all the tombs are kept whitewashed, and as many of them are curious chapel-like erections, with flying buttresses, the effect at a distance is something between an ice-palace and a clothes drying-ground. The houses of the Dutch residents, shadowed in peepul or galela trees, stand back from the road—long, low, and cool, with thick white posts at their entrance gates. A long avenue of magnificent overarching trees leads eastward from the pier, adown which the Governor may be seen driving any afternoon in a four-in-hand with sky-blue reins. It is lighted by means of lamps hung midway between the trees, for the Hollander, even although gas may be unattainable, considers civilization incomplete without these adjuncts. Then too there is the club, with its zinc-topped tables set out *café* fashion beneath the trees. It is called the "Harmonie," as is every Dutch club in Malaysia, and within all is cool and dark and deserted during the mid-day heat. The servants are curled up asleep behind the bar or in the corners of the rooms, and would stare in dumb astonishment at the apparition of a European; for the early business of the day over, and the *rijst tapel* or lunch despatched, the white residents get into their pyjamas and take a siesta till three or four o'clock. A couple of hours or so are then devoted to business, and towards sunset the male portion of the inhabitants meet at the "Harmonie" to chat and drink *pijljes*. Billiards is the most violent exercise taken.

Some account of the coffee plantations of the Dutch Government in North Celebes is given, and it is very instructive to see the actual results of a system which would be condemned without trial by Englishmen in general.

The coffee tree was first introduced into the Minahasa district in 1822, and thirty years later about five million trees had been planted. It has been the means of converting the countries from a wilderness of jungle, peopled by head-hunting savages, into a well cultivated garden, tilled by natives who are almost without exception Christians. Yet this result has been brought about by a system which most Englishmen would condemn untried: that of enforced labour. Any person of the peasant class, not having a trade, is compelled to plant coffee. Each must, if required, plant twenty-five trees every year, but the number depends on his last year's production, and is regulated by the Kontroleur, who can order him to plant more, or less, or none at all, according to circumstances. There are Government plantations in every village, and both the land and the seedling are supplied by the State. All the coffee thus grown has to be sold to the Government at a fixed price. Should a Dutchman wish to plant coffee he is permitted to do so, the system being a Government monopoly only as far as the natives are concerned. . . . Every male adult is compelled

to give thirty-six days in the year to the service of the Government for road-repair and work of a like nature, or else provide a substitute. . . . To us the people of all these districts appeared pleasant looking. Their contented look struck us greatly. Every one saluted us smilingly, but perfectly naturally and independently, and without a trace of cringing. Wherever we went we found a contented, happy people, amongst whom drunkenness and crime were almost non-existent. The land was highly cultivated, the villages neater and cleaner than I have seen thus in any part of the civilized world. Schools were established in every district, and the natives were almost without exception Christian. Where can we, who call ourselves the greatest colonizing nation in the world, point to a like result? What is the condition of the natives in our colonies, in Australia, in New Zealand, in Western Africa?

And Mr. Wallace's words, unfavourably contrasting the English with the Dutch method of dealing with the natives, are quoted with approval, words well worthy of being thoughtfully considered by those who may think that in the manner of dealing with the uncivilized they have nothing to learn.

Books of travel generally leave us with impressions of the magnificence of the scenery displayed to the admiring eyes of the travellers, and of the exciting adventures which fall to the lot of the enterprising, but the lesser worries of existence are relegated, with other unheroic experiences, to dim obscurity. No doubt there was much to lend a charm to existence during the yachting cruise of the *Marchesa* through many lovely regions of the earth, but even in the sunny tropics life is not all sunshine. There is much in New Guinea to tempt the traveller and sight-seer, but there is much also to make him think less unkindly of our own much-abused climatic conditions. Here is some account of the climate of New Guinea and its accompanying *désagréments*.

Bathed in perspiration from morning till night, from night till morning, we woke utterly unrefreshed by sleep. The temperature, which in a dry climate would not have been unpleasant, for it was rarely above 90° Fahr., was intolerable. Everything to which damp could cling, became mouldy, and our boots, put aside for a day or two, grew a crop of mildew nearly half an inch in thickness. We were covered from head to foot with prickly heat. Both mental and physical exertion is under these conditions distasteful enough, but it is by active exercise alone that one is able to keep in health, and we took care to give ourselves enough of it. . . . In preserving our specimens we had need of all the patience the prickly heat and other small worries

had left us. All the bird-skins had to be dried in the sun, or by artificial heat, and soldered up in tin boxes. The yacht swarmed with cockroaches and minute ants, from which we had the greatest difficulty in keeping them. At meals there was seldom less than a dozen or so of the former on the table at any given moment, but they gave us less trouble than the ants. These were not often visible, but a dead bird or a butterfly left for five minutes in any part of the ship would be covered by them in hundreds, and nothing was safe from their ravages. For many weeks, by night as well as by day, a constant stream of these little creatures ascended and descended the foremast, climbing to the very summit of the foretopmast. Many of our crew suffered from malarial fever, which although not actually serious, was in two cases tolerably severe. We ourselves, although more exposed from constant work in the jungle, were less effected by it, mainly owing to the greater precautions we took. It is almost impossible to get an English sailor—especially if it be his first experience of the tropics—to take even ordinary care of himself.

But with all drawbacks, the cruise of the *Marchesa* was a success, and was productive of some interesting discoveries in natural history, many additions to the topographical knowledge of remote regions, and, not least, if last, the two eminently readable volumes from which extracts have been given. The accompanying illustrations are all beautifully executed, and numerous as they are, one wishes that there were more of them to add to the merits of this very pleasing book of travel. One little word of mild expostulation. The style of the book is marked by its being studiously unostentatious; it is a pity that the writer has sometimes departed from his high standard of polished writing so as to speak with thinly-veiled, if veiled, contempt of religion.

W. D. STRAPPINI.

The Lindsays.

A STORY OF SCOTTISH LIFE.

CHAPTER VII.

A SUNDAY IN GLASGOW.

"WELL, Alec, how did you get on last night?" asked Duncan Cameron of his friend, when they met as usual the day after the dinner at Blythwood Square.

"Oh, all right. It was rather a stupid affair."

"Rather stupid—not quite worth the trouble of attending? And yet you were half afraid of going! Don't deny it."

"I said it was stupid; and so it was," said Alec, reddening. "Nobody said anything worth listening to, so far as I heard."

"That means nobody took much notice of *you*, eh?"

"What an ill-conditioned, sneering fellow you are, Cameron," replied Alec, tranquilly. "You'll never get on in the world unless you learn to be civil."

"It isn't worth my while to be civil to you," said Cameron, "Wait till I'm in practice and have to flatter and humour rich old women. What did your uncle say to you?"

"Hardly anything—just a word or two, as I was coming away."

"You ought to cultivate him, Alec."

"I wish you wouldn't speak like that, Duncan," said Alec, roughly. "Do you think I'm the sort of fellow to flatter and fawn upon an old man I don't like, simply because he is rich?"

"There's no need for flattering and fawning," replied Cameron; "but you've no right to throw away such a chance at the very outset of your life."

"Do you think, then, that it's manly or honourable to visit a man as it were out of pure friendship, when your only object is to make him useful to you?"

"There's no question of friendship, ye gowk; he's your

relation, and the head of your house. It's your duty to pay him your respects occasionally."

"Paying my respects wouldn't be of much use," retorted Alec. "You're shirking the question. Is it honourable to—I don't know the right word—to try to ingratiate yourself with any one in the hope of getting something out of him?"

"Why not?"

"It's not honourable; and I would not respect myself if I were to do such a thing," said Alec, with much dignity.

Cameron laughed inwardly, but he made no response, and there was silence for a few moments between the two friends. The older man was thinking how absurd the boy was, and how a little experience of life would rub off his "high-fantastical" notions. Then he wished that he had a grand-uncle who was a millionaire. And then he fell to wondering whether, on the whole, it was best to despise wealth, as Alec Lindsay did, or to acquire it.

"I suppose it is too late now to take another class?" said Alec, half absently.

"I should think so," responded his friend. "What class did you think of taking? Mathematics?"

"No; History."

"History! That isn't wanted for a degree. What put that into your head?"

"Oh, I don't know. I only thought of it."

Cameron did not know that the learned Professor of History had a niece named Laura Mowbray.

That evening about ten o'clock, when the medical student went down to his friend's room, as was his custom at that hour, he found Alec poring over some papers, which he pushed aside as Cameron entered.

"Come in," he cried, as the other paused in the doorway. "I'm not working."

The Highlander took up his usual position, standing on the hearth-rug with his back to the fire, and proceeded to light his pipe.

"They tell me you're doing very well in the Latin class—sure of a prize, if you keep on as you're doing," he said, after smoking for a minute in silence.

"Oh, it's no use; I can't do Latin prose," answered Alec, discontentedly. "How can I? I've never had any practice. Just look at this—my last exercise—no frightful blunders,

but, as the Professor said, full of inelegancies;" and he handed his friend a sheet of paper from his table as he spoke.

Cameron took the paper, and regarded it through a cloud of smoke.

"What's this?" he exclaimed. "Poetry, as I'm a livin' Heelandman! Just listen!" and he waved his hand, as if addressing an imaginary audience.

Alec's face burned, as he rose and hastily snatched the paper from his friend's grasp. Cameron would have carried his bantering further, but he saw that in the lad's face which restrained him.

"Already!" he muttered, as he turned away to hide his laughter.

"Are you going home for the New Year?" asked Alec, when his embarrassment had subsided.

"Me? No! We have only a week's vacation, or ten days at most. The *Dunelly Castle* sails only once a week in winter; and if the sailings didn't suit, I should have hardly time to go there before I had to come away again. And if a storm came on I should be weather-bound, and might not get south for another week."

"It must be very dreary in the north in winter," said Alec.

"Ay—but you must come and see for yourself some day."

Alec was silent; he was thinking that he should like to ask his friend to spend the vacation week with him at the Castle Farm; but he did not care to take the responsibility of giving the invitation.

The following Sunday was one of those dismal days which are common in the west of Scotland during the winter months. It was nearly cold enough for snow, but instead of snow a continuous drizzle fell slowly throughout the day. There was no fog; but in the streets of Glasgow it was dark soon after mid-day.

Alec Lindsay went to church in the forenoon as usual; then he came home and ate a cold dinner which would have been very trying to any appetite less robust than that of a young Scotchman.

Finding that he had a few minutes to spare before setting out for the afternoon service (which takes the place of an evening service in England), he ran upstairs to his friend's room.

"I wish you would come to church with me, Duncan," he said, as he seated himself on the medical student's trunk.

The invitation implied a reproach; but Cameron was not offended at this interference with his private concerns. In the north a man who "neglects ordinances" is supposed to lay himself open to the reproof of any better disposed person who assumes an interest in his spiritual welfare. For reply he muttered something in Gaelic, which Alec conjectured, rightly enough, to be an exclamation too improper to be said conveniently in English.

"Fat can ye no leaf a man alone for?" he said aloud, reverting, as he did when he was excited, to his strong Highland accent.

Alec said no more; but Cameron, whose conscience was not quite at rest, chose to continue the subject.

"I go to the kirk when I'm at home," he said, "an' that's enough. I go to please my mother, and keep folk from talking—but it's weary work. I often ask myself what is the good of it—the whole thing, I mean. There's old Mr. Macfarlane, the parish minister of Glenstruan—we went to live on the mainland two years ago, you know. He's a decent man—a *ferry* decent man. He ladles oot castor oil and cod-liver oil as occasion requires, to the haill perrish, an' the next ane tae, without fee or reward. He's a great botanist, and spends half his time in his gairden—grows a' sorts o' fruit—even peaches, I've been told. When the weather's suitable he gangs fishin.' On Sabbath he has apoot forty folk in his big barn o' a kirk. He talks tae them for an oor, an' lets them gang. He's aye ready to baptize a wean, or pray wi' a deein' botoch" (old man), but it's seldom he has the chance. I'm no blamin' the man. It's no his faut that the folk gaed ower bodily to the Free Kirk at the Disruption, an' left him, a shepherd wi' ne'er a flock, but a wheen auld rams, wha——"

"But there's the Free Kirk," interrupted Alec, "and it's your own kirk, I suppose."

"No," said Cameron. "If anything, I belong to the Establishment. Save me, is my daily an' nichtly prayer, frae the bitter birr o' the Dissenters."

Alec laughed, and the other went on:

"There's Maister MacPhairson, the Free Kirk minister. He's a wee, soor, black-a-vised crater, wi a wife an' nine weans. Hoo he manages to gie them parritch an' milk I

can *not* imagine. He's jist eaten up wi' envy an' spite that the parish minister has the big hoose, and he has the wee ane. He maks his sermons dooble as lang, to let folk see that he does a' the wark——"

"A very good reason for not belonging to the Free Church," interposed Alec; "but I don't see what all this has got to do with the question."

"I'm only showing that the religious system of this country is in a state of petrefaction," said Cameron, abandoning the Doric—"fossilization, if you like it better."

Alec laughed. "A pretty proof!" he cried.

"Oh, of course, the state of religion in one corner of the Hielans is only an illustration; but it's much the same everywhere. I don't see, to put the thing plainly, that we should be very much worse off without any kirks, and what we want with so many is a mystery to me. What was the use of building a new one in every parish at the Disruption, I should like to know?"

"You know as well as I do," answered Alec. "A great principle was at stake."

"The sacred right o' the nowte [cattle] to chuse their ain herd,' as Burns puts it," interposed Cameron.

"Not only that; the question was whether the Church should submit to interference on the part of the State," said Alec.

"And by way of showing that she never would submit, she rent herself in twa, and one half has spent the best part of her pith ever since in keeping up the fight wi' the tither half. What sense is there in that, can ye tell me?"

"That's all very well," said Alec, "but it seems to me that if a man finds a poor religion around him, he ought to stick to it as well as he can till he finds a better one."

"There's sense in that, Alec," said Cameron; "and I'll no just say I've no had my endeavours to find a better."

"Where can ye find a better?" asked Alec, shocked at this latitudinarianism.

"I didna say I had succeeded, did I? But I've tried. I went a good deal among the Methodists in my first year at college. I was wonderfully taken with them at first—thought them just the very salt of the earth. But in six months, I found they groaned and cried 'Amen' a little too often—for nothing at all. Then, my next session, I wandered

about from one kirk to another, and then I stayed still. Sometimes I've even gone to the Catholics."

"The Catholics!" exclaimed Alec, with horror. If his friend had said that he had occasionally joined in the rites of Pagans, and had witnessed human sacrifices, he could hardly have shocked this son of the Covenanters more seriously.

"Hoots, ay!" said the Highlander, with a half-affected carelessness. "There's a lot o' them in Glenstruan."

"At home? In the north?" asked Alec, in astonishment.

"Yes; in out-of-the-way corners, there are many Catholics. In some parishes there are but few Protestants."

"How did they come there?"

"They have always been there."

It was news to Alec, Scotchman as he was, that there are to this day little communities of Catholics hidden among the mountains of Ross and Inverness, living in glens so secluded, that one might almost fancy that the fierce storms of the sixteenth century had never reached them.

Wondering in his heart how it was possible that even unlettered Highlanders should have clung so long to degrading superstitions, Alec descended from his friend's garret, and set off alone for St. Simon's Free Church. The Free Churchmen in the Scotch towns frequently name their places of worship after the Apostles, not with any idea of honouring the Apostles' memory, but solely by way of keeping up a healthful and stimulating rivalry with the Establishment. Thus we have "St. Paul's," and "Free St. Paul's"—"St. John's," and "Free St. John's"—and so forth. The "Free" churches, are, in fact, not named directly after the Apostles (which would be superstitious), but after the old "Established" churches themselves, in pursuance of the claim of the Free Church to be the real, original Church of Scotland.

Alec set out alone, and he felt very lonely, as he made his way over the sloppy pavements. Among all these crowds of respectably dressed people, there was not one face he knew, not the least possibility that any one would give him a greeting. He would much rather have stayed at home over a pipe and a book, like Duncan Cameron; but his conscience would have made him miserable for a month if he had been guilty of such a crime. The jangling of bells filled the murky air. Most places of worship in Scotland have a bell, but very few have more than one. There is, therefore, no reason why each church

should not have as large and as loud a bell as is consistent with the safety of the belfry.

In a short time Alec reached "Free St. Simon's," a building which outwardly resembled an Egyptian temple on a small scale, and inwardly a Methodist chapel on a large scale. In all essential points the worship was exactly a counterpart of that to which he had always been accustomed at Muirburn; but the details were different. Here the passages were covered with matting, and the pews were carpeted and cushioned. Hassocks were also provided, not for kneeling upon, but for the greater comfort of the audience during the sermon.

The tall windows on either side of the pulpit were composed of painted glass. There were no idolatrous representations in the windows; only geometrical figures—Alec knew their number, and the colour of each one of them, intimately.

At Free St. Simon's the modern habit of standing during psalm-singing had been introduced. The attitude to be observed at prayer was as yet a moot question. Custom varied upon the point. The older members of the congregation stood up, and severely regarded their fellow-worshippers, who kept their seats, propped their feet on their hassocks, put their arms on the book-boards, and leant their heads upon their arms. This posture Alec found to be highly conducive to slumber; and he had much difficulty in keeping awake, but he did not care to proclaim himself one of the "unco guid" by rising to his feet, and protesting in that way against the modern laxity of manners.

The prayer was a very long one, but at last it was over; and then came a chapter read from the Bible, another portion of a psalm, and the sermon. The preacher was both a good man and a learned one, but oratory was not his strong point; and if it had been, he might well have been excused for making no attempt to exert it at such a time and under such circumstances. The text, Alec remembered afterwards, was "One Lord, one Father of all," and the sermon was an elaborate attempt to prove that the Creator was in no proper sense the "Father" of all men, but of the elect only. The young student listened for a time, and then fell to castle-building, an occupation of which he was perilously fond.

When the regulation hour and a half had come to a close, the congregation was dismissed; and Alec Lindsay went back to his lodgings, weary, depressed, and discontented. After tea there was absolutely nothing for him to do. He did not feel

inclined to read a religious book ; and recreations of any kind were absolutely forbidden by the religion in which he had been brought up. After an hour spent in idling about his room, he set out to find a church at which there was evening service, thinking that to hear another sermon would be less wearisome than solitude.

Wandering through the streets, which at that hour were almost deserted, he at last heard a church bell begin to ring, and following the sound he came to a stone building, surmounted by a belfry. After a little hesitation, Alec Lindsay entered, and was conducted by the pew-opener to a seat. The area of the building was filled with very high-backed pews, set close together, and a large gallery ran round three of the walls ; but the chapel was evidently not a Presbyterian place of worship, for on either side of the lofty pulpit was a reading-desk, nearly as high as the pulpit itself.

Presently the bell stopped, and an organ placed in the gallery opposite the pulpit began to sound. Then a clergyman in white surplice and black stole ascended to the reading-desk on the right of the central pulpit, and Alec Lindsay knew that he was, for the first time in his life, in an " Episcopal " chapel.

The service was conducted in the plainest manner possible. The psalms were read, the canticles alone being chanted ; and the clergyman, as he read the prayers, faced the congregation. The hymns were of a pronounced Evangelical type, and the sternest Calvinist could have found no fault with the sermon. But to Alec all was so entirely new and strange, that he sometimes found it difficult to remember that he was supposed to be engaged in worship.

The prayers were over, and the sermon had begun, when Alec noticed, at some little distance, a face, the sight of which made his hand tremble and his heart beat. It was Laura Mowbray. She was sitting alone in her corner, her only companion being a maid-servant who sat at the door of the pew. Her profile was turned towards Alec, its clear white outline showing against the dark panelling behind her. Almost afraid to look in her direction, for fear of attracting her attention, or of allowing those sitting near him to guess what was passing in his mind, he took only a glance now and then at the object of his worship. It was worship, rather than love, with Alec Lindsay. Courtship, and marriage, and the practical considerations which these things entail, never entered the boy's mind.

He had seen his ideal of beauty, of refinement, of feminine grace, and he was content, for the present at least, to worship her at a distance, himself unseen.

When the service was over, he left the chapel, and placed himself at an angle outside the gateway, where he could see her as she passed out. He recognized her figure as soon as it appeared, but to his great disappointment her face was turned from him. By chance, however, she looked back to see if the maid were following her, and for one instant he had a full view of her face. It was enough, and without a thought of accosting her, Alec went home satisfied.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ROARING GAME.

WHEN the Christmas holidays drew near, Alec obtained his father's permission to ask his friend, Duncan Cameron, to spend a week at the Castle Farm; and, after a little hesitation, Cameron accepted the proposal.

"There's just one thing, Duncan, I would like you to mind," said Alec, as they drew near the farm; "my father's an old man, and he doesn't like to be contradicted. More than that, he doesn't care to hear any one express opinions contrary to his own, at least on two subjects—politics and religion. If you can't agree with him on these points, and I dare say you won't, hold your tongue, like a good fellow. And my sister—you'd better keep off religion in her case too."

"Why didn't you tell me this before?" was Cameron's inward thought; but he only said he would of course be careful not to wound the old gentleman's susceptibilities.

Mr. Lindsay received his guest with a hearty welcome—it was not one of his faults to fail in hospitality—indeed a stranger might have thought that he was better pleased to see his guest than his son. He led the way through the great stone-floored kitchen to the parlour, where an enormous fire of coals was blazing, and where the evening meal was already laid out on the snowy table-cloth.

"You had better warm your hands before going upstairs," he said to Duncan. "You must have had a very cold drive." "Margaret!" he called out, finding that his daughter was not in the sitting-room. "Margaret! Where are you? Come away at

once." In his eyes Margaret was a child still. He was a little annoyed that she should have been out of the way, and not in her place, ready to welcome the guest.

Margaret, however, had taken her stand in the dairy, which was on the opposite side of the passage from the kitchen. She wanted to greet her brother in her own way. And Alec, as soon as he saw that she was not with his father, knew where she was. The dairy had been a favourite refuge in their childish days. It was a little out of the way, and seldom visited, while it commanded a mode of retreat through the cheese-house.

As soon as his father had taken charge of Cameron, Alec hurried back through the kitchen, ran along the passage, opened the dairy door, and there, sure enough, was Margaret.

"Maggie!" he cried; and the two were fast locked in each other's embrace. It was but eight weeks since they had parted; but they had never been separated before.

For a moment neither spoke.

"What made you come here, Maggie?" asked Alec, with boyish inconsiderateness.

"I came for the cream for the tea," said Margaret.

"Oh, Maggie!"

"I did indeed. Go and get me a light. Oh, Alec! it has been so lonely without you!"

She kissed him again, and pushed him out of the dairy. Then she burst into tears. He was not so glad to see her as she had been to see him. He was changed; she knew he was changed, though she had not really seen him. He was going to be a man, to grow beyond her, to forget, perhaps to despise her. Why had he asked why she had come there? Surely he might have——

At this point in Margaret's reflections, Alec returned with a candle, and seeing the traces of tears on his sister's cheeks, he turned and gave her another hug. She tenderly returned the caress; but her first words were:

"Why did you bring a stranger home with you, Alec? And we are to be together such a short time too!"

"Oh, nonsense, Maggie. Cameron is a great friend of mine, and you'll like him, I'm sure. But there's father calling, we must go."

Mr. Lindsay had divined what his daughter had been doing; but he thought it was now quite time that she should come forward and play her part as hostess.

"You go first, Alec," she said, taking up the cream jug which she had brought as her excuse for her visit to the dairy.

"And I tell you, sir, that till we have the ballot we can have no security against persecution," Mr. Lindsay was exclaiming, as they entered the sitting-room. "A man cannot vote now according to his conscience unless he is prepared to risk being driven from his home, to lose his very livelihood. Let me give you an instance——"

But here Margaret came forward, calm and serene as usual. Cameron rose to meet her ; and the political harangue was cut short by the appearance of a stout damsel with cheeks like peonies, bearing an enormous silver tea-pot.

Cameron was struck by Margaret Lindsay's beauty, as every one was who saw her ; but the effect was to render him shy and ill at ease. He felt inferior to her ; and the calm indifference of her manner made him fancy that she treated him with disdain. Mr. Lindsay did most of the talking ; Cameron, mindful of his friend's warning, sat almost dumb, totally unlike his usual self. Alec began to think that he had made a mistake in inviting him to the Castle Farm.

As it happened, a keen frost had set in some days before, and farm operations were at a standstill. Margaret was busy next morning in superintending matters in the dairy and the kitchen ; but the three men had nothing to do. Mr. Lindsay fastened on his guest, and extracted from him a full and particular account of the state of agriculture and of religion in the island of Scalpa and the neighbouring mainland before the one o'clock dinner.

In the evening, however, there was a promise of a little break in the monotony of life at the farm. A message was brought to Alec enjoining him to be at "The Lang Loch" by half-past nine next morning, and take part in a curling match between the Muirburn Parish and the players of the neighbouring parish of Auchinbyres.

"You can't possibly go, Alec," said the laird, when the message was delivered ; "Mr. Cameron won't care to hang about here alone all day."

Mr. Lindsay was secretly proud of his son's reputation as a curler ; but he did not wish him to go to the match, because he did not care that he should be exposed to the contaminating influences of a very mixed company, and he did not relish the prospect of Alec's carrying away his friend and leaving him

alone for the day. But when Duncan heard of the match he declared that he must see it—there was hardly ever any frost worth speaking of in the Hebrides; and he had never seen a curling match.

"You'll want the dog-cart to take your stones to the loch, Alec," said Mr. Lindsay. "I think I will go with you, and go on to Netherburn about those tiles."

"I wish you would come with us, Maggie," said Alec. "Father will be passing the loch on his way back in half an hour, and he can pick you up and bring you home. The drive will do you good."

To this arrangement Margaret consented, and early next morning the little party set out in the keen wintry air. The sun, not long risen, was making the snow sparkle on the fields, and turning the desolate scene into fairyland.

After an hour's drive they arrived at the scene of the match—a sheet of water, on one side of which the open moor stretched away to the horizon, while on the other side there was a thin belt of fir-trees. The ice, two or three acres in extent, was covered with a sprinkling of snow, which had been carefully cleared from the "rinks." The rinks were sixty or seventy yards long by six or eight wide, and they showed like pools of black water beside the clear white snow.

Already the surface of the little lake was dotted with boys on "skeitchers," as skates are called in that part of the country; and the margin was fringed with dog-carts from which the horses had been removed. The stones, circular blocks of granite, nearly a foot in diameter and five inches thick and fitted with brass handles, were lying in order on the bank on beds of straw.

Quite a little crowd of farmers, farm-servants, and school-boys were assembled beside the stones, waiting till the match should begin. Lord Bantock, the chief landowner in that part of Kyleshire, was there, his red, good-humoured face beaming on everybody, his hands thrust into the pockets of his knickerbockers, the regulation green broom under his arm. Next him stood a little spare man in a tall hat. This was Johnnie Fergus, draper, ironmonger, guardian of the poor, and Free Church deacon in the neighbouring village of Auchinbyres. Nothing was ever done at Auchinbyres without Johnnie Fergus having a hand in it. He was a man of importance, and he knew it. No man had ever seen Johnnie in a round hat. He always carried his chin very much in the air and kept his lips well pursed up,

and spoke in a peremptory tone of voice—especially when (as on the present occasion) he was in the company of his betters. Next to him stood Hamilton of the Holme, a great giant of a man, slow in his movements, slow in his speech, clad in the roughest of rough tweeds, and boots whose soles were at least an inch and a quarter in thickness. At present, however, he was encased as to his lower man in enormous stockings, drawn over boots and trousers, to prevent him from slipping about on the ice; and many of the players were arrayed in a similar fashion.

"Come awa', Castle Fairm!" cried one of the crowd as Mr. Lindsay drove up. "Aw'm glaid to see ye; ye play a hantle better nor yer son."

"Na, na, Muirfuit," responded the laird; "my playin' days are by."

Meantime Lord Bantock strolled over to the dog-cart, his ostensible reason being to shake hands with Mr. Lindsay, whom he recognized in his fallen state as one of the small gentry of the county.

"Are you going to honour us with your presence, Miss Lindsay?" he asked, as he helped Margaret to alight.

"Only for half an hour," she answered, as she sprang lightly to the ground. "You will be back by that time?" she continued, addressing her father.

"In less than an hour, at any rate," he answered as he drove away; and Margaret, seeing some school-girls whom she knew engaged in sliding, went off to speak to them.

At this point a loud roar of laughter came from the group of men standing at the side of the loch; and Lord Bantock, who dearly loved a joke, hurried back to them.

"Old Simpson is telling some of his stories; let us go and hear him," said Alec Lindsay, as, passing his arm through his friend's he led him up to the little crowd.

A tall man with a lean, smooth face, dressed in a high hat and black frock-coat, and wearing an old-fashioned black silk handkerchief round his neck, was standing in a slouching attitude, his hands half out of his pockets, while the others hung around in silence, waiting for his next anecdote.

"That minds me," he was saying, as Alec and Cameron came up, "that minds me o' what auld Craig o' the Burn-Fuit said to wee Jamieson the writer [the lawyer]. Craig was a dour [hard], ill-tempered man; and though he had never

fashed the kirk muckle, the minister cam' to see him on one occasion when it was thocht he was near his hinner-en'.

"'Ye're deein', Burn-Fuit,' says Maister Symie.

"'No just yet, minister,' says Craig.

"'I doot ye're deein'; an' it behoves ye to mak' your peace wi' the haill warl,' says the minister.

"Craig gied a sigh, as if it was the hardest job he could set himself tae. After a heap o' talkin' the minister got him persuaded to see Jamieson, who just then was his great enemy—he aye had ane or twa o' them—an' forgie him for some ill turn the writer had dune him. An' we jist as much persuasion he got Jamieson to come to the deein' man's bedside, and be a pairty to the reconciliation.

"Sae the twa met, and had a freenly crack i' the minister's presence. Guid Mr. Symie was delighted. As the writer was depairtin', they shook hands.

"'Guid-day, Maister Jamieson,' says Craig. 'Ye've done me many an ill turn, but I forgie ye. But mind—mind, if I get weel, a' this gangs for nowt!'"

A laugh followed the schoolmaster's story; and the group dispersed to see that the preparations which were being made on the ice were duly performed. A small hole had already been bored at each end of the principal rink. Each of these was to be in its turn the "tee," or mark. At some distance from each of the tees, a line called the "hog score" was drawn across the ice. Stones which might not pass this line were not to be allowed to count, and were to be removed at once from the ice. A long piece of wood, with nails driven through it at fixed intervals, was now placed with one of its ends resting on the tee, and held there firmly, while it was slowly turned round on the ice. The result of this operation was that the ice was marked by circles drawn at equal distances from the tee, by which the relative distances of two stones from the central point could be easily determined.

The players having been already selected, the match began as soon as this was done.

Alec Lindsay, being one of the youngest men present, was told to begin, his adversary being Simpson the schoolmaster.

Cameron and Margaret, standing together on one side of the players, who assembled at one end of the rink, watched Alec, who went forward, lifted one of his father's heavy granite stones, and swung it lightly in his hand. Meanwhile one of the players

from his own side had gone to the other side of the rink, and holding his broom upright in the tee-hole, enabled Alec to form a more accurate idea of the distance.

Swinging his stone, Alec stooped down, and with no apparent effort "placed" it on the ice. Away it sailed with a loud humming sound, sweet to a curler's ear.

Every man eagerly watched its rate of speed, while some, running alongside, accompanied it on its course.

"Scoop it up! Scoop it up!" cried some of the younger members of the Muirburn side; and they began to sweep the ice in front of the stone with their brooms, so as to expedite its progress.

"Let her alone! She's comin' on brawly!" cried Hamilton, from the other end of the rink, in an authoritative tone. They immediately left off sweeping; and two of the Auchinbyres men, acting on the principle that if the stone had just enough way on it, they had better give it a little more, began to ply their brooms vigorously in front of it.

These attentions, however, did no harm. The stone glided up towards the tee, slackened its speed, and finally stopped, exactly where it ought to have stopped, about a foot in front of the mark.

A slight cheer greeted this good shot; and "Ye'll mak as guid a player as your faither, Alec!" from one of the bystanders made Margaret's face flush with pleasure.

It was now the schoolmaster's turn. One of his side took Hamilton's place as pilot; and the old man, playing with even less apparent effort than Alec had used, sent his stone right in the face of his adversary's. The speed was so nicely graduated, that Alec's stone was disposed of for good, while Simpson's stone occupied almost exactly the spot on which Alec's had formerly rested.

Again Hamilton advanced to lend the young player his advice, while Alec took up his remaining stone, and went to the front. He sent a well-aimed shot, but rather too powerfully delivered, and the adversaries of course hastened to make it worse by sweeping. The stone struck Simpson's slightly on one side, sending it to the left, while it went on towards the right, and finally stopped considerably to the right of the tee, but near enough to make it worth guarding. The schoolmaster's next shot was not a success. His stone passed between the two which were already on the ice, and passing over the tee landed about two feet beyond it.

This gave a chance to the Muirburn men. Their next player placed his stone a long way from the tee, but right in front of Alec's, so that it was impossible, or almost impossible, to dislodge the latter without first getting rid of the former. To him succeeded Johnnie Fergus; and he, preferring his own judgment before that of the official guide, played the guard full on, with the result that he sent it well into the inner circle, while his own stone formed a very efficient guard for that of his enemy. As every stone which, at the end of the round, is found nearer the tee than any one belonging to a player of the opposite side counts for one point, the Muirburn men had now two stones in a position to score; and they patiently surrounded them with guards, which the Auchinbyres players knocked away whenever they could. So the game went with varying success, till only one pair of players was left—Hamilton, playing for Muirburn, and Lord Bantock who belonged to the enemy.

Things at that moment were very bad for the Muirburn men. Four stones belonging to the opposite side were nearer the "tee" than any one of their own; while a formidable array of guards lined the ice in front of them.

Hamilton went and studied the situation carefully. Then he went back, and played his first shot.

"Soop it! Soop it! Soop it!" roared the schoolmaster, flourishing his broom, and dancing like a maniac. He alone, of the Auchinbyres players, understood the object of the shot, and saw that it could only be defeated, if at all, by giving it a little extra impetus. But the advice came too late. The brooms were plied before it like lightning, but the stone came stealing up like a live thing, and just avoiding an outlying guard, gave a knock to one stone at such an angle that the impetus was communicated to a second and from it to a third, while it took the third place, thus cutting off two of the adversaries' points.

"Noo, m' lord, a wee thocht tae the richt o' this," said Johnny Fergus, as he stooped down and held his broom over the spot where he desired Lord Bantock's stone should come in.

But Lord Bantock had been given the place of honour as last player more out of consideration for his rank than for his skill. He played with far too much force, and sent his stone smashing on one of the outside guards, from which it rushed to the side of the rink and disappeared.

"Did I no tell ye no' to pit that sumph at the tail," quoth

Johnnie in an undertone of deep disgust, as he rose from his stooping posture.

"Haud your tongue, man, I've seen his lordship play as weel as ony deacon amang ye," said the leader, angry at being suspected of unduly favouring the great man.

But with a cry of expectation from the crowd, Hamilton's second stone left his hand and came spinning over the ice, right in the track of its predecessor. A roar went up from the players, as the Muirburn men rushed forward, and distributing themselves over the path which the stone had to traverse, polished it till the ice was like glass. The stone came in beautifully, displaced the best stone, and took the first place, by cannoning off another of the enemy.

A loud hurrah greeted this feat, and Lord Bantock stepped forward, determined to do something to redeem his reputation, which he knew had suffered from the result of his former effort.

An old farmer ran as fast as his years would permit to offer his lordship a word of advice before the last shot was fired.

"All right, Blackwater," said Lord Bantock, with a nod, as he planted his feet firmly on the ice, and gripped the handle of his stone, as if he would bend the brass. Away went the stone with a rush, and a roar from the crowd. Crash—crash—it struck against one and another; but it had force enough to go on. Smash it came among the group of stones, sending them flying in all directions, while everybody jumped aside to avoid a collision. It was not a first-rate shot; but it was successful. The first, second, third, fourth, and fifth stones were knocked, or rather knocked one another, out of the way. Lord Bantock's stone itself went right ahead, ploughing a path for itself in the snow beyond the rink. Alec's second stone, long since considered to be out of the running, was found to be half an inch nearer the tee than any one belonging to the other side; and the Muirburn men accordingly scored one towards the game.

At the other rinks, meanwhile, subsidiary contests were in full progress, and the scene was a very animated one. It was, however, very cold work for by-standers, and Cameron, as he saw that his companion was shivering in spite of her winter clothing, proposed to Alec that Margaret and himself should set out at once for the farm, leaving Mr. Lindsay to overtake them when he returned. To this arrangement Alec of course assented, and Margaret and Cameron set off together.

Most young men would have been glad to be in Cameron's

place ; but the Highlander felt very ill at ease. He began to seek for a subject which might be supposed to be interesting to a girl, and dismissed one after another as totally unsuitable. The silence continued, and the young man was nearly in despair, when Margaret, totally unconscious of any embarrassment, came to his assistance.

"That is the way to Drumclog," she said, pointing to a moorland road which crossed their path ; "Alec and you ought to walk over some day."

"Is there anything to see there?" inquired her companion.

"Have you never heard of the Battle of Drumclog?" asked the girl in surprise.

The Highlander was obliged to confess that he had not.

"Have you never read of the persecutions of the Covenanters, and Graham of Claverhouse, and the martyrs?" asked Margaret again, with wonder in her eyes.

"Oh, yes ; of course, but I didn't know that these things happened in this part of the country."

"Yes," said Margaret. "The Martyrs' Cairn is only a little way beyond Blackwater. You know the Covenanters were not allowed to worship in their own way, and they used to meet in hollows of the hills and on the open moors. The country was full of soldiers, sent to keep down the people ; and when the Covenanters went to the preaching, they used to take arms with them. One Sabbath morning a large number of them were attending a service on the lonely moor at Drumclog when the English soldiers, who had somehow heard of the gathering, bore down upon them. They were dragoons, led by 'the bloody Claverhouse,' as they call him to this day. Providentially there was a bog in front of the Covenanters ; and the horses of the dragoons could not cross it ; and those who did cross at last were beaten off by the Covenanters, and many of them were killed."

"I remember it now," said Cameron ; "I have read about it in *Old Mortality*."

"The most unfair book that ever was written!" exclaimed Margaret with some heat—"a book that every true Scotchman should be ashamed of."

"I don't see that," returned Cameron ; "I think Sir Walter held the balance very fairly."

"He simply turns the Covenanters into ridicule and tries

to make his readers sympathize with the persecutors," said Margaret.

"Well, you can't deny that a good many of them *were* ridiculous," said Cameron lightly.

"And you have no sympathy for these brave men who won our liberties for us with their blood!" exclaimed the girl.

"I don't say that," said the young Highlander cautiously; but I'm not so sure about their having won our liberties for us," he added with a laugh. "There wasn't much liberty in the Highlands when *their* King got the upper hand."

Then he tried to change the subject; but Margaret answered him only in monosyllables. This daughter of the Covenanters could not forgive any one who refused to consider those who took part in the petty rebellion of the west as heroes and martyrs. She made their cause her own; and made up her mind that Cameron was thenceforth to be regarded as a "malignant."

As for Cameron, he mentally banned the whole tribe of Covenanters, as well as his own folly in offering any opposition to Margaret's prejudices; and before he could make his peace with her Mr. Lindsay drove up, and the *tête-à-tête* came to an end.

Duncan Cameron had felt the spell of Margaret's beauty, as every one did who approached her. But he had made a bad beginning in his intercourse with her, and he now felt a strong sense of repulsion mingling with his admiration. It was not only that he despised her narrowness of mind; there was between the two something of the old antagonism between Cavalier and Puritan. For the rest of his stay at Castle Farm he avoided meeting her alone, and only spoke to her when ordinary politeness required it. And yet, whenever she addressed him, he felt that the fascination of her beauty was as strong as ever. When Alec came home on the day of the curling-match, and shouted out in triumph that Muirburn had won, Margaret's eyes flashed, and her cheek flushed in sympathy; and Cameron, watching her, forgot that she had not forgiven him for his lack of sympathy with the men of Drumclog.

CHAPTER IX.

ALEC LINDSAY AND LAURA MOWBRAY.

AT the end of the appointed week the two young men returned to Glasgow, and braced themselves up for the remaining four months of work. At the northern Universities the academic year ends (except for a few supplementary medical classes) with the 1st of May. Alec Lindsay had a great deal of lee-way to make up, as he had never had a proper grounding in either Latin or Greek; but he did his best, and felt pretty sure of being able to take at least one prize.

Of course he found his way back to the Church of England chapel at which he had seen Miss Mowbray; and on more than one occasion he was gratified by a sight of her. As to the Anglican form of worship, he regarded it with very mixed feelings. He was pleased by the stately simplicity of the collects, and by the rhythm of the chants. The service was free from the monotony of the Presbyterian form, and it was more "congregational" than anything to which he had been accustomed. But it was some time before he could divest himself of the idea that he was witnessing a kind of religious entertainment, ingeniously devised and interesting, but by no means tending to edification. He felt like his countrywoman, who when taken to a service at Westminster Abbey said afterwards: "It was very fine—but eh! this is an awfu' way o' spendin' the Sabbath!" The voice of conscience is as loud when it condemns the breach of a rule founded only in prejudice as when it protests against a breach of the moral law itself; and for several Sunday evenings Alec Lindsay left the chapel with the feeling that he had been guilty of a misdemeanour—he had been playing at worship. The unexpressed idea in his mind (a result of his Presbyterian training,) was that collects, and chants, and ceremonial observances in general, were too interesting, too pleasing to the natural man, to be acceptable to the Almighty. But by degrees this feeling wore off; and when he became familiar with the prayer-book, he found that it was an aid rather than a hindrance to devotion.

The end of the session drew near; and the April sun shone clear and fair through the smoke-cloud of Glasgow. It was a

Saturday afternoon, and Alec determined to console himself for the loss of a long walk, for which he could not afford time, by putting a book in his pocket, and taking a stroll in the park.

Those who are most attached to the country care least for parks. A piece of enclosed and tended pleasure-ground, whether it is large or small, always affects the lover of nature with a sense of restraint, of formality, of the substitution of an imitation for a reality. Trim gravelled walks are but a poor substitute for a grass grown lane; a neglected hedge-row, a bit of moorland, or even a corner of a common, will hold more that is beautiful, more that is interesting to one who loves the open country, than acres of park, with all their flower-plots and ticketed specimens of foreign shrubs; for in a thorn hedge or a mound of furze one recognizes the inexpressible charm that nature only possesses when she is left to work by herself.

Yet, to a dweller in cities, parks are worth having. They are, at least, infinitely better than the streets. So, at least, thought Alec Lindsay this April afternoon, as he wandered along the deserted pathway, under the budding trees. Glasgow is fortunate in at least one of its parks. The enclosure is of small extent, but then it is not merely a square of ground planted with weedy young trees and intersected by roads. It is a bit of the valley of the Kelvin; and it includes one side of a steep rising-ground which is crowned by handsome houses of stone. The little river itself is always dirty, and in summer is little better than a sewer with the roof off; but seen from a little distance it is picturesque, and lends variety to the scene.

Alec was wandering along one of the pathways, watching the sunlight playing in the yet leafless branches, and trying to cheat himself into the idea that his mind was filled with Roman History; when suddenly he found himself face to face with—Laura Mowbray. She was dressed, not in winter garments, though the air was cold, but in light soft colours, which made her look different from the Scotch damsels whom Alec had seen in the streets. She seemed the impersonation of the spring, as she slowly approached Alec with a smile on her face. Of course he stopped to speak to her.

"I have come out for a turn in the park, for I really couldn't bear to stay shut up in the house on such a glorious day," said Laura; "uncle wouldn't come with me, though I teased him ever so long. He said he was very busy; but I think people

sometimes make a pretence of being studious," and she glanced at Alec's note-book as she spoke.

Alec laughed and thrust the book into his pocket, and turning round walked on slowly by the girl's side.

"If you had an exam to prepare for, you wouldn't much care whether people thought you studious or not," he said.

"How is your uncle?" asked Laura.

"I'm sure I can't tell."

"Can't tell! You wicked, unnatural creature! I am quite shocked at you."

"He was very well when I saw him last—that is, about three months ago—with the exception of a fearfully bad temper."

"Don't you know that it is highly unbecoming of you to speak of any one older than yourself in that disrespectful way?"

But Laura's look hardly seconded her words; and Alec went on:—

"It is quite true, though. I wonder Aunt Jean can put up with him."

"Who is Aunt Jean? Miss Lindsay? The lady who lives with your uncle and keeps house for him?"

"Yes."

"She is a relation of your uncle's, isn't she?"

"Oh yes; a cousin in some degree or other."

"Mr. Lindsay never married, I believe," said Miss Mowbray.

"No; he has no relations nearer than"—"nearer than I am," he was going to have said; but he stopped and substituted—"nearer than nephews and nieces."

"And he has plenty of them, I suppose? All Scotch people seem to have so many relations; it is quite bewildering."

"Uncle James is my father's uncle, you understand," said Alec; "and there are only two in our family, my sister and I; that is not so very many."

"No. But have you really a sister?" exclaimed Laura, turning round so as to face her companion for an instant.

"Yes, one sister, Margaret."

"How lucky you are! I have no brothers or sisters, only my uncle. How I wish I knew your sister! And Margaret is such a pretty name."

"It is common enough, anyway."

"But not commonplace; oh! not at all commonplace. If

I had a sister I would call her Margaret, whatever her real name might be. By the way, have you seen Mr. Semple since that night of the dinner-party?"

"No."

"And you don't seem very sorry for it?" said the girl with a little smile.

"No; I can't say I care much for cousin James."

"He is a relation of Mr. Lindsay, too, isn't he?"

"Yes; his mother was a Lindsay, a niece of my grand-uncle's. He is in the oil-works; and I dare say he will become manager of them some day."

Miss Mowbray was silent for a few moments; then she stopped and hesitated.

"Do you know, I don't think I ought to allow you to walk with me in this way. Suppose we were to meet any one we knew!"

Alec flushed to the roots of his hair.

"I beg your pardon!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, I don't mind; but—Mrs. Grundy, you know."

"Do you know that you can see Ben Lomond from the top of the hill?" said Alec, suddenly changing the subject.

"No; *really*?"

"Yes; won't you let me show it to you? It's a beautiful view, and only a few steps off."

Miss Mowbray seemed to forget her scruples, for she allowed herself to be led up a narrow winding path, fringed with young trees, which led to the top of the hill.

"If I had known you a little longer," began Laura, with some hesitation, "I think I would have ventured to give you a little bit of my mind."

"About what?" asked Alec with sudden eagerness.

Laura shook her head gravely. "I fear you would be offended if I were to speak of it," she said.

"Indeed I would not. Nothing you could say could offend me."

"Well, if you will promise to forgive me if I *should* offend you——"

"You couldn't offend me if you tried," said Alec, warmly.

"Then I will tell you what I was thinking of. I don't think you should neglect your grand-uncle as you do."

"Neglect!"

"Yes. It is not kind or dutiful."

"Neglect! My dear Miss Mowbray, you are altogether mistaken. We can't neglect those who don't want us. He hasn't the the slightest wish, I assure you, to see me dangling about him."

"There! You promised not to be offended; and you are!"

"Indeed I am not."

"Yes, you are. I won't say another word."

"Oh, Miss Mowbray! How can you think I am offended! What have I said to make you fancy such a thing? On the contrary, I think it so very, very good of you to take so much interest——" Here Alec stopped, for he saw that his companion had suddenly flushed up, and that somehow he had made a mess of things. He had not yet learned that some species of gratitude cannot find fitting expression in words.

"I think it is my turn to say that I have offended you," he said after a pause.

Laura laughed—such a pleasant, rippling laugh! "It is getting quite too involved. Let us pass an Act of Oblivion, and forget all about it."

"But if you think I ought to call on my uncle," began Alec—"no; don't shake your head. Tell me what you really think I ought to do."

"Do you like Miss Lindsay?" asked Laura, without replying to the question.

"Aunt Jean? Yes; much better than I like Uncle James."

"Then you can go to see *her* now and then; and when you are in the house go into your uncle's room and ask how he is, if he is at home. We ought not only to visit people for our own pleasure, but sometimes because it is our duty to do so."

"Yes you are quite right; and I will do what you say. But here we are at the top of the hill. What a delightful breeze, isn't it? Do you see that blue cloud in the distance, just a little deeper in tint than those about it?"

"Yes; I see it."

"That is Ben Lomond, nearly four thousand feet high."

"Really?" said Miss Mowbray; but there was not much enthusiasm in her voice. Alec, on the contrary, stood in a kind of rapture which made him forget for the moment even the girl at his side. The sight of distant mountains always affected him with a kind of strange, delicious melancholy—

unrest mingling with satisfaction, such as that which filled the heart of Christian when from afar he caught a glimpse of the shining towers of the celestial city.

The English girl watched the look in the young Scotchman's face with wonder not unmixed with amusement. When with a sigh Alec turned to his companion, she too was gazing on the far-off mountain top.

"I really must go, now," she said softly, holding out her hand.

"Mayn't I go to the park-gate with you?"

Laura shook her head; but her smile was bright enough to take the sting from her refusal.

"Good-bye." And in another moment Alec was alone.

The sun had gone out of his sky. He sat down on a bench, and began to wonder how he had dared to converse familiarly with one so pure, so refined, so far removed from his ordinary friends, as Laura Mowbray. Then he recalled her great goodness in interesting herself in his concerns, and of course he resolved to follow her advice. He could think of nothing but Laura Mowbray the whole afternoon. He recalled her looks, her smile, her lightest word. To him they were treasures, to be hidden for ever from every human eye but his own; and in every look and word he found a new ground for admiration, a new proof of Miss Mowbray's intelligence, sweetness, and goodness.

Next week he acted upon her suggestion, and paid a visit to Blytheswood Square. He was received by Miss Lindsay, a tall, spare, large-featured woman, whose grey hair was bound down severely under her old-fashioned cap.

"Weel, Alec; an' what brings you here?" was her greeting, as she held out her hand without troubling herself to rise.

"Nothing particular: why do you ask?"

"Ye come sae seldom; it's no often we hae the pleasure o' a veesit frae you."

"I canna say much for my attentions, Aunt Jean; but then I canna say much for your welcome," returned Alec, flushing as he spoke.

"Hoots, laddie, sit doon an' behave yersel.' My bark's waur nor my bite."

"And how's my uncle?"

"Much as usual. I don't think he's overly weel pleased wi' you, Alec, my man."

"What have I done now?"

"It's no' your daein'; its your no-daein.' Ye never look near him."

"He doesn't want to be bothered with me."

The door opened and the master of the house came in. He gave Alec his hand with his usual dry, consequential air, and hardly looking at him, made some indifferent remark to his cousin.

"Here's Alec sayin' he doena believe you want to be bothered wi' him," she said.

The old man seated himself deliberately, and made no disclaimer of the imputation.

"You'll be going home for the summer?" he asked.

"Yes; I am going home at the end of the month; but I should like to get a tutorship for the summer, if I could."

"Humph."

"What are you going to be?" asked Mr. Lindsay after a pause, "a doctor, or a minister, or what?"

"I don't know yet," said Alec.

His uncle sniffed contemptuously.

"A rowin' stane gethers nae fog" (moss), put in Aunt Jean.

Alec changed the subject; but his grand-uncle soon returned to it.

"The sooner ye mak' up yer mind the better, my lad," said the old man. "Would you like to go into the oil-works?" he added, as if it were an after-thought.

"I hardly know, sir. I would like another year at college first," said Alec. "But thank you all the same, Uncle James;" and as he spoke he rose to take his leave.

Mr. Lindsay paid no sort of attention to the latter part of the reply. He took up a newspaper, and adjusting his spectacles began to read it, almost before the lad had turned his back.

In another week the session was practically at an end. The prize-list, settled by the votes of the students themselves, showed that Alec had won the fourth prize, which in a class numbering nearly two hundred, was a proof of at least a fair amount of application; and he also won an extra prize for Roman History.

"You don't seem much elated," said Cameron to his friend, when he brought home the splendidly-bound volumes of nothing in particular. "You've either less ambition or more sense than I gave you credit for."

"I expected something better," said Alec. "Self-conceit, you should have said, not sense, Duncan."

If Alec were conceited he got little to feed his vanity at home. His father looked at the books, praised the binding, asked how many prizes were given in the class, and said no more. Secretly he was gratified by his son's success; but it was one of his principles to discourage vainglory in his children, by never, under any circumstances, speaking favourably of their performances. No one would have guessed from Alec's manner that he cared a straw whether any praise was awarded to him or not; but he felt none the less keenly the absence of his father's commendation.

The month of May went by slowly at the Castle Farm. Alec was longing for change of occupation and change of scene. One morning he chanced to notice an advertisement which he thought it worth while to answer. A Glasgow merchant, whose wife and daughters had persuaded him to spend four months of the year at the seaside, wished to find some one to read with his boys three hours a day, that they might not forget in summer all that they had learned in winter. For this service he was prepared to pay the munificent sum of five guineas a-month. As it happened, the merchant's address was a tiny watering-place on the Frith of Clyde, where Mr. James Lindsay had a large "marine villa."

In reply to Alec's letter, the advertiser, Mr. Fraser, asked only one question, whether the applicant were a relation of Mr. James Lindsay of Drumleck. Alec replied that he was, and was forthwith engaged.

For once Alec had taken a step which pleased his father. The old gentleman commended his son's intention of earning his own living during the summer; and Alec fancied that his father used towards him a tone of greater consideration than he had ever adopted before. Margaret was much chagrined at her brother leaving home so soon after his return; but she did not say a word on the subject. She knew she had not reason on her side; and she was too proud to show her mortification. It might have been better if she had spoken her mind; for a coolness sprang up between brother and sister, which even the parting did not quite remove.

Reviews.

I.—THE HOURS OF THE PASSION.¹

Ludolph of Saxony was born towards the end of the thirteenth century, and after some thirty years spent in the Order of St. Dominic, he passed into that of St. Bruno, became Prior of the Carthusian monastery at Strasburg, and died at Mayence, about 1370. He is a sort of ideal of a writer of the middle ages. His *Life of Christ*, from which these *Hours of the Passion* are taken, has all the most marked characteristics of what we may call mediæval religious literature. Its charming simplicity, its solid piety, its quiet but intense devotion, its unstudied roughness of style, its homely quaintness of language, all mark the age in which he lived. His writings remind us not a little of the *Imitation*, which has been attributed to him among others by those misguided critics who have refused to Thomas à Kempis the honour of being its author.

Out of the bulky *Life of Christ*, Father Coleridge has selected the portion which is the most interesting and the most practical, and has published it as a volume of the Quarterly Series. Ludolph arranges the Passion of Christ according to the various Ecclesiastical Hours, beginning with First Compline, when our Lord went forth with His disciples from the supper-room to the Garden of Gethsemane, and ending with Second Compline, when He was laid to rest in the tomb of St. Joseph of Arimathea. There is something very touching in the simple earnestness with which Ludolph takes the reader, so to speak, into his confidence, and conducts him through the various scenes of the Passion, pointing out to him what he is to learn from each, and how he is to address his suffering Master. For instance—

At the hour of Matins thou shalt arise from sleep, full of tears and pierced with sorrow, on account of all thou hast considered after

¹ *The Hours of the Passion*. Taken from the *Life of Christ*, by Ludolph the Saxon. London: Burns and Oates.

Compline, and then thou shalt reflect in spirit how our Lord sits among His enemies, despised and without honour, forsaken by His disciples and friends and left in company with a host of wicked men. "O Lord Jesus, how dost Thou sit scorned and desolate? Where are Thy disciples and friends? O my only good, my joy above all else, what shall I do beholding Thee thus? At least, O Lord, I will sit on the ground with Thee, and bear Thee company, for I see here no man who loves Thee, but only Thy furious and raging enemies who hate Thee."

Nor does the good Carthusian omit the mystic explanation of the incidents which are narrated in the Gospel, and the modern reader will perhaps here and there be tempted to smile at the meaning that he reads in what we should have been inclined to consider as mere chance circumstances. For instance:

It is said that in it [the Cross] were woods of four different kinds; the stem or trunk, buried in the rock whereon it was set, was of cedar, the post, or upright part, of cypress, the transverse piece of palm, the board fastened above it of olive; whence we have the line—

Palm, cedar, cypress, olive, made the Rood.

The cedar signifies height of contemplation; the cypress, the fame of good report; the olive, the gentleness of mercy. The four divisions of the Cross indicate the four divisions of the world, for if it had been thrown down so as to lie straight on the ground, one part of it would have looked to the east, another to the west, another to the north, and another to the south. Thus our Lord, by choosing to suffer this kind of death, showed that He was going to save the whole world, and to gather His elect to belief in Him from its four quarters (pp. 273, 274).

It is well that we should be reminded that Scripture has a mystical sense, and that we are very prone to overlook it. It is not only mediæval writers who are fond of mysticism. The Fathers of the Church discover meanings in Holy Scripture which we in our shallowness should be inclined to regard as far fetched, if they did not carry with them such high authority. Thus to take a couple of instances, which have the sanction of being inserted in the Lessons of the Breviary. St. Gregory explains the Hyades mentioned in Job ix. 9 as referring to the Doctors of the Church, because as the Hyades are the stars which usher in the rainy season, so the Doctors of the Church pour down upon the dry earth the showers of their holy eloquence. Still more curious is the reason given by Venerable Bede for Zaccheus' choice of a sycamore tree as a vantage post for the sight of our Lord as He passed by. He tells us it shows

that those who are little of stature in the spiritual order must, in order to look upon Christ, climb the tree of the Cross, which may be called the foolish fig-tree (σύνκον μωρόν), because the Cross nourishes those who believe, like the fig-tree, while it is a folly to unbelievers.

Ludolph also traces out parallelisms in Scripture which at first surprise us. Thus Achior the captain of the children of Ammon, bound to a tree by the servants of Holofernes, is a type of our Lord bound to the pillar (p. 173). The ambassadors of David, who had half their beards shaved and half their garments cut off by King Hamon, typified Christ stripped of His garments by the synagogue, and with His beard filled with spittle and with filth (p. 207). Just as it is one of the marks of those who walk with God that they see God in all things, so it is one of the notes of those who carry in their hearts the remembrance of Christ crucified that they enter more fully than ordinary men into the typical significance of the events that took place under the Old Law. Were it not for our dulness of vision we should see in every incident of the Old Testament the foreshadowing of one of the mysteries of the Gospel.

For spiritual reading and for meditation these *Hours of the Passion* will be invaluable. There is in them a pleasing variety that makes them attractive and interesting. They are not merely pious and hortatory, but they put before us the scenes of the Passion with considerable skill. The frequent quotations from the Fathers of the Church are very well timed, and the prayers inserted from time to time are very beautiful.

The translation is well made, retaining the spirit of the original and at the same time good and classical English.

2.—DISHONEST CRITICISM.¹

If any of our readers desire to know what is the Catholic teaching on lying and equivocation, when it is lawful to equivocate and when unlawful, they cannot do better than procure the little volume in which Father Jones explains this important

¹ *Dishonest Criticism*: Being a Chapter of Theology on Equivocation and Doing Evil for a Good Cause. An Answer to Dr. Richard F. Littledale. By James Jones, S.J., Professor of Moral Theology in St. Beuno's College. London: John Hodges, 1887.

subject. The occasion of his work was the dishonest misrepresentation of the teaching of St. Alphonsus by which Dr. Littledale not only defames one of the Saints of God, but seeks to engender distrust of the truthfulness of every Catholic priest, and hatred of the Catholic Church herself. Dr. Littledale's method of controversy is an ingenious one. It was well described in *THE MONTH* some years since as "poisoning the wells." Besides attacking separate Catholic doctrines, he seeks to cut the ground from under the feet of Catholic controversialists by constantly insinuating that it is of the very essence of Catholicism to deceive, and therefore every possible statement made by the children of the Church must be received with suspicion and distrust.

To this dishonest poisoner of the wells, this traducer of Catholic doctrines, Father Jones gives a reply which is perfectly straightforward, and the work of one skilled in the work he has undertaken. We do not think any one can read it without being struck by its unimpeachable honesty, in which it is a remarkable contrast to the tergiversation of his opponent. We are sure no theologian can read it without being impressed with the thorough knowledge of his subject displayed by the writer. Father Jones begins by a careful discussion of the phrase, "the end justifies the means," showing what element of truth is found in a phrase which he denominates "the clumsy invention of some one ignorant of theological terms." He then proceeds to the question of equivocation. We may not refuse the truth to another unless the question is on some point where the truth wanted is private property which I have a right to keep to myself.

For instance, a voter has by law a right to secrecy in his vote. A tyrannical and vindictive employer wishes to intimidate his men, and coerce them to vote for his party. He asks them singly for whom they intend to vote, and they understand that unless they express acquiescence in his wishes he will sooner or later drive them and their families into ruin and starvation. This question was discussed at great length in the newspapers and in tracts during the two last general elections. It was acknowledged to present a grave difficulty, and a letter in the *Times* implored the luminaries of the Established Church to give some guidance to their bewildered fold for general use. The guidance given, if not very authoritative, was interesting in its way, as enabling us to see the notions of theology current in the Establishment. Two very opposite rules were, however, proposed; one taught the poor voter to be a hero, to yield up his secret to the unjust tyrant, and to face ruin with

a resigned spirit; the other, the more boldly expressed and commonly given advice was, to deceive the deceiver and plumply tell a lie. Catholic theology can accept neither of these solutions (pp. 54, 55).

He then explains that the remedy proposed by Catholic theologians is *equivocation*, which is carefully defined, and the occasions where it is lawful enumerated in detail. Dr. Littledale's misstatements are exposed one by one, and he is convicted of no less than nine assertions in one short paragraph which are either false or utterly unwarrantable, besides several others of the like nature in other parts of the letter to which Father Jones is making reply, and which are justly characterized as seeking to base a charge on evidence which is "atrocious, concocted, and simply villainous."

In the latter portion of his book the Jesuits are defended from Dr. Littledale's charge of holding that the end justifies the means, and the truthfulness and conscientious honesty of Catholics in refusing to take any oath which would in any way seem to be opposed to their religion is contrasted with the unscrupulous acceptance by the extreme High Church party of the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England.

We fear that Dr. Littledale is impervious to any sense of shame, and we do not expect him to attempt a reply to Father Jones' charge of dishonest criticism. He wisely ignores what he knows he cannot refute. But we hope many fair-minded Anglicans will read the admirable little treatise of the Jesuit theologian, and we are sure they will do so with great profit to themselves.

In an Appendix Father Jones discusses and approves the action of Father Keller in preferring Kilmainham Jail to appearing before the court as a witness.

He expected to be sworn to declare that which his conscience told him he should not declare, and though he had his remedy in inserting an express restriction in the oath, he was right in taking his stand at the first stage of the procedure, and avoiding, unless under compulsion, direct collision with the judicial authority.

He is next accused of having insisted on an express restriction as to the obligation of his oath. In doing so he acted according to the invariable practice of Christians placed in a like difficulty. St. Thomas of Canterbury, as I have urged on p. 136, failed in his duty because in his oath he omitted the restriction: "Saving the honour of my order;" and for this omission he condemned himself, and is blamed by Catholic

historians. Father Keller insisted on the clause, and would not swear without expressing it; and yet even Catholics are found who dare to condemn him (pp. 183, 184).

Father Jones not only approves the action of Father Keller, but ends his book by expressing a hope that in a similar case he would have the courage to follow his example—and we feel quite sure he would!

3.—THE EXISTENCE OF GOD.¹

It is a somewhat startling sign of the times that it should be necessary to put in popular form the arguments used in philosophy and theology to prove the Existence of God. But the need exists, and there is no use in being blind to it. Hence we gladly welcome this Dialogue of Father Clarke's as an addition to that library of works on the fundamental principles of Theism by Catholic writers, such as Professor Mivart and Mr. Wilfrid Ward, which has been growing up of late years.

There are two qualities which strike us at first sight in this Dialogue, its readableness and, especially, its perfect straightforwardness.

Trained Logicians are often tempted to take advantage of the crude reasoning of adversaries and to give replies which silence without bringing conviction. Father Clarke, while frankly admitting in his Preface the very great difficulty arising from the fact that to no two men do the same objections occur with equal force, prefers nevertheless to give us the living thoughts of a real concrete objector rather than the dreary ghosts of arguments with major, minor, and conclusion, that the force of circumstances obliges our philosophic manuals to insert. Hence we feel that the sceptical Cholmeley is not a mere man of straw set up to be knocked down, and we realize in his opponent Saville, the Catholic priest, an equally distinct individuality when he rejects so warmly the help of the so-called intuition or consciousness of God's existence as an argument for Theism; and contrives with much tact and boldness to put clearly before his friends the *moral* hindrances which prevent so many from accepting the *sufficient* but not *resistless* arguments for Theism.

¹ *The Existence of God.* A Dialogue in three Chapters. By Richard F. Clarke, S.J. London: Catholic Truth Society, 1887.

The proofs from design and causation are exposed with great force and with that same quality of straightforwardness which brings out any latent difficulty in the adversary's mind and allows nothing to go unanswered, and at the same time points out precisely the demonstrative value of each argument and how each strengthens and completes the other. We have been especially struck with the replies to the two objections that a cause does not necessarily comprise all the perfections of its effect, and that the existence of finite beings outside God would limit his infinity.

In the second chapter the two subsidiary arguments derived from conscience and the general consent of mankind are carefully weighed and their exact value shown. We wish we had space to quote the passage in which Saville sums up the Theistic arguments in what he conceives their most fitting order. The third chapter opens with a vivid picture of the state of mind, so common in real life but so little appreciated in the common run of apologetic works, when, as in Cholmeley's case, the arguments for the defence are gradually making themselves felt :

He began to say to himself, "I wish I believed, I think I believe, I see good reason why I should believe," and unconsciously he found himself uttering the words, "O my God, help me to believe." Yet from time to time there was a reaction. The difficulties of belief seemed insuperable; the objections he had so often urged against belief and which he thought would sleep quietly in their graves, slain by the sword of logic and of a growing faith, came out of their tombs and haunted him like horrible spectres, crying aloud in his ears, and challenging him to banish them if he could (p. 60).

These difficulties he reduces to four :

1. How is all the misery and wretchedness in the world compatible with the infinite goodness of God?
2. How can a just and merciful God have created Hell?
3. How is it that God leaves so many in circumstances, where practically without any fault of their own they are sure to lose their souls?
4. How can He have created those whom He knew would be miserable to all eternity? (p. 61).

These are weighty difficulties, some of which can never be entirely cleared up, on this side of the grave; the great point is to make it clear why in the nature of things these obscurities must exist, since the infinite perfection of God must make his

relations with the finite incomprehensible to intelligences of a lower order. But admitting this obscurity, Saville warmly contends that there is nothing in the action of God, as known to us, incompatible with the absolute perfections of an infinite Being. In his detailed replies he develops the various considerations which throw light on these dark places, and we have been struck with many most suggestive passages. How true it is, for example, that those who accuse God of dealing unmercifully with some, will always confess, if they are honest, God's forbearance towards themselves. Again what a light is thrown on God's dealings with men when we think that "at the moment of death every one has a last chance of submitting to God, of choosing Heaven or Hell, and that many a poor outcast, steeped to the neck in vice and all abominations, nevertheless at the last has the grace to make that necessary act of submission and sorrow for sin which opens the door of Heaven and crowns the soul in reward for that one flash of repentant thought with the joy of Heaven to all eternity."

The reply to the third objection is clear and satisfactory: even ten thousand years of the keenest suffering imaginable would be as nothing compared with the eternal happiness of Heaven, and besides that very happiness is increased by its contrast with former pain.

But the fundamental difficulty is of course the last, for it touches the mystery of the permission of moral evil, and here we are inclined to wish Father Clarke had not been so rigidly logical in his replies, for while we do not believe in that sort of disputation which at once cries out mystery, without an effort to penetrate its obscurity, at the same time when we find ourself in such a mental no-thoroughfare as this, we confess that our own turn of mind leads us to prefer the method which has been employed with such force in earlier portions of the dialogue, namely, that of developing the considerations which, as it were, throw side-lights on the question and appeal more to the emotional and moral sides of our nature, rather than attempting a formally logical answer to the difficulty. We have the less diffidence in saying this as we feel so strongly the force of Father Clarke's remark in the Preface that no two minds see difficulties in exactly the same way, and this of course holds equally for the methods of solving these difficulties. No doubt in his wide experience Father Clarke has found the answer he gives here the most satisfactory.

We have said enough, we feel sure, to make it evident how valuable is the matter put into these ninety pages. We have nothing like it in our English Catholic popular literature, for Father Lambert's reply to Ingersoll, confines itself to the very crude objections of that most unphilosophical Atheist; and it will supply a want that we know has been felt by those who come in contact (and who does not?) with the doubt and also belief so prevalent around us. The Catholic Truth Society has in this excellent shillingsworth made a most valuable addition to their already useful list.

4.—MARRIAGE.¹

If we may judge by the number of important works published of late years throughout Europe on the Sacrament of Marriage and by the increased attention it meets with in the pulpit and in the deliberations of the hierarchy, it would seem that the subject is assuming a prominence, among questions of vital interest to the Church, quite special to our own time. Christian wedlock, the revealed doctrine on which it rested, the laws which guarded its sacredness, were always known among the faithful to be derived from the union of Christ and His Church, and to be the living symbol as well as the domestic witness and teacher of that union. The marriage vows are but a repetition of the pledges made by Christ to the Church, conferring on her exclusive conjugal and maternal rights, sharing with her His dominion and yielding His body for the spiritual sustenance of their common children. As long as this idea of marriage pervaded every relation of family intercourse it was the stay of faith and morals alike, and the inroads of heresy and heathen morality were forced back from the threshold.

In the eyes of the Reformers marriage was neither a sacrament nor indissoluble. It ceased to be to them the symbol of the oneness, the indefectibility and the authority of the Church, and it is worth remembering that in every country where they met with success, assailants of the Church opened a way for themselves by familiarizing the people with violations of the marriage vows. In our own days, almost in

¹ *Marriage.* By the Rev. Charles W. Wood. Manchester: J. Roberts and Sons, 1887.

every civilized country, the law and the fashion regard marriage as a purely civil contract, and the heathen notion which the Apostles so carefully eradicated from the minds of the first Christians is gaining ground more and more.

This evil has hitherto been regarded as something outside the Catholic community, for no one can be a Catholic who rejects the Catholic idea of marriage and the great truths which it symbolizes. Yet there are reasons to fear that in the minds of many Catholics the doctrine regarding Christian marriage has been obscured, or pushed into the back-ground, or through ignorance wholly lost sight of. Where this is the case it is only natural that ill-assorted or forbidden marriages will abound, bringing in their train domestic misery, loss of faith, and God-forsaken families. The object of Father Wood's work on marriage is to offer to his brother missionaries some suggestions as to the best way of coping with this grave danger. It originated by the danger mentioned being proposed for discussion in one of the usual conferences of the Salford clergy, and the paper read by Father Wood so pleased those who heard it, that they adopted the unusual course of asking for its publication. The central and principal part of the present work is the solution of the case proposed, no doubt considerably enlarged from its original form. The first part consists of some chapters of introductory matter setting forth the doctrinal explanation of the sacrament: the third and last part is a collection of practical rules and documents illustrative of the matter previously explained. The work closes with a valuable extract from Balmez on the influence of Christian marriage on the formation of Christendom, and the brilliant sermons preached by Père Monsabré during Lent of the present year, in Notre Dame, Paris, on the sanctity and unity of marriage, and on divorce.

Confining our remarks to the tenor of the solutions elicited by the conference case, we have set before us the existence of a grave evil *sui generis*, the struggle with which is strictly an apostolic labour, a primary duty incumbent upon men charged with the cure of souls, and to be conducted by each missionary priest in the special field of labour confided to his solicitude. In this contest he can rely only on the apostolic arms furnished him from on high, and they are always within reach. He has, in the first place, his authority to teach, to exhort and to rebuke. He has the Christian conception of

wedlock, competent of itself, by its very knowledge, to purify and ennoble, and as marriage is honourable in all, suited to win the affection and elicit the homage of even the most uneducated minds. He has the ear, and happily too, the confidence of his people, he has the instruction of the young, and by the time that the period of danger sets in, he has the powerful leverage of pious sodalities and guilds to foster healthy opinion, to keep the young to the practices of piety and to preserve them from many dangers.

A zealous priest can, if he sets himself to the work, restore, by these means, the grand truths regarding Christian marriage, in the minds of his people, parents and children alike, and they, if restored, will surely generate an aversion from irreligious contracts and a distrust of the heathen maxims that poison the very atmosphere of this once Catholic land.

Zealous instruction, with the personal vigilance of the pastor and the hoped-for co-operation of parents, will be a great safeguard for the young who have the inestimable blessing of virtuous parents and Catholic instruction. But beyond these there is another class, for whom the priest has to labour not so much for their restoration as their recovery, and this under conditions of far greater difficulty. There are Catholics in name whose lives are little better than heathen, and whose children grow up according to heathen example set before them. They send their children to board schools or do not send them to any school; they do not send them to religious instruction in the church, and the maxims they teach them at home are not those of a Christian life. These are the cases in which the great leakage of the Church takes place.

Father Wood has his suggestions for dealing with these unhappy cases also, but we have no space to summarize them. We can only say that they are valuable, and in harmony with the soundest principles of apostolic labour. His work is throughout thoroughly practical, free from fads and novelties; it sets forth Christian teaching regarding marriage, the dangers or evils that actually surround it, and the remedies he proposes are those commended to us by the teaching and practice of apostolic men in all ages. He presses on the clergy and the people alike the immensity of the danger that is in our midst and the necessity of strenuous and continued labour if it is to be overcome; and he does this with a force and freshness that will command attention. His work will be useful to the clergy and

the laity alike, and we believe few who read it will fail to be stirred with an increased zeal for the great cause he has so ably advocated.

5.—THEODORE WIBAUX.¹

It is a trite remark that the evil which is in the world is conspicuous, but the good, like the violet, hides itself from view, and is only revealed by the fragrance which its unseen presence sheds on those who approach near enough to detect it. Thus it is in the lives of men. The unscrupulous are always pushing their way into notice, but many whose lives are consistently modelled upon high principles, live their gracious lives wholly within the narrow circle of their immediate acquaintance.

It is a real benefit to struggling mankind when such a life as this is brought out of the background and set before us with all its natural simplicity, and such a life as this we have set before us in the recently published life of Theodore Wibaux. And a very charming life it is, none the less acceptable because it is given to us in an English form which makes us forget that it is a translation.

Beginning in the bosom of a Christian family, whose many members on every festival, or on the departure or arrival of any of their number, were wont to gather round the large statue of our Lady in the entrance hall—*Our Lady of the Staircase*—the happy domestic life was a nursery for every virtue which can adorn a man and a Christian, the courage of the soldier, the chivalry of the knight, the self-sacrifice and zeal for God of the Religious. In his short life, Theodore Wibaux is set before us as an example of true manhood, wherein there is nothing visionary and nothing puritanical. A light-hearted boy, fond of mischief, but in whose heart of hearts his mother had deeply impressed the lesson of duty to God first and foremost, he naturally grew up with a desire to give his manly strength to the service of his God. The change from a well-appointed home to the discomforts of cheerless barrack life would have disenchanted a visionary, but his letters home, written with all the freedom and simplicity of domestic confidence, show him to have been animated with the same lofty ideal, whether he was doing the menial work of a private soldier or nursing cholera

¹ *Theodore Wibaux*, Pontifical Zouave and Jesuit. By the Rev. C. du Coëtlosquet, S.J. London: Catholic Truth Society, 1887.

patients, or in the more stirring scenes of the battlefield, when those he loved fell by his side.

When political events had brought about the disbanding of the Papal Zouaves, we are not surprised that one who had served his God should be willing to give his life for his country. The dark days of 1871 gave Theodore an insight into the effect of the absence of moral restraint which had been doing its evil work in France for years. No wonder that those who have substituted self for God, should be selfish. A battalion of former Papal Zouaves, three hundred strong, had only ninety men left at the end of the day. No wonder Theodore writes somewhat bitterly: "The infantry saw us engaged with the enemy, and refused to reinforce us. There is not a scrap of patriotism or a grain of religion left anywhere."

In spite of the success of his military career, in which entering as a private he had risen to the rank of a sub-lieutenant, his desire to serve God more perfectly led him, not without a struggle, to change the manner of his service. After making a retreat, he entered the Society of Jesus. He had already witnessed the disbanding of the corps he loved, and now he had the additional grief of seeing the dispersion of his religious brethren by the order of the Republic. But in ten years he was ripe for Heaven, and a painful death, patiently endured, brought his holy life to its end.

Many lives have been more striking than that of Theodore Wibaux, but few, speaking to us by his own words in his letters, can be presented to us which appeal more to our sympathy, few which are more unaffected and natural, few which teach more clearly that it is in the Christian home that true men can be formed, men who can bear the burdens of life, who can fulfil the duties of life, because they have been trained, at the call of duty, to give up all that makes life most alluring to the natural man.

6.—DANTE'S DIVINA COMMEDIA.¹

It must often have been matter of surprise to the Catholic reader of Dante in this country, that no volume of commentary or criticism has hitherto appeared in England treating of the

¹ *Dante's Divina Commedia: Its Scope and Value.* From the German of Franz Hettinger, D.D. Professor of Theology at the University of Würzburg. Edited by Henry Sebastian Bowden, of the Oratory. London: Burns and Oates, Limited. 1887.

great Italian poet, of his life and his work, from a Catholic point of view,—obviously the only reasonable one. There is a considerable Dante-literature in the country,—reviews of his writings, his political opinions, his religious “views,”—essays on his gift of song, his genius, his peculiarities. But there is not a single writer that does full justice to Dante Alighieri; not one who has grasped the leading idea of the poet; not one who has really touched the motive-springs of Dante's life and work. The reason is obvious. Dante's mind and spirit were eminently Catholic. Moreover, Dante was not only a poet, he was a philosopher and theologian as well, trained in the schools of the scholastics, and by the disciples and contemporaries of the most renowned of the Schoolmen. St. Thomas and St. Bonaventure were alive when Dante was still young. Consequently the writer who undertakes to interpret Dante to us, must himself be no mean theologian; his mind must be trained in Dante's school; his ear must be well attuned, his gaze steady and clear.

We have no hesitation in saying that the handsome volume before us entirely supplies the need we speak of. Our most sanguine expectations have been fulfilled in reading its pages. History and biography, theology and philosophy, art and poetry are so admirably woven together, that we are fascinated from the first page to the last. We rise from the reading of Dr. Hettinger's book, knowing Dante, and we will add, loving him, as we have never known or loved him before. Dr. Hettinger has so managed, that in his pages, as much as may be, it is Dante himself that breathes and moves and speaks; it is Dante's own words we hear.

In a review so brief as the present, it would be impossible to go into any detailed criticism of the work. Perhaps it will be best to indicate in brief the scope of the book, and what our readers may expect to find there. The first chapter gives a short account of Dante's own life, and his various writings. The poet's defects are by no means slurred over: but his actions, it seems to us, are here placed in their true light. The idea and form of the *Divina Commedia* are treated of in the following chapter. Written towards the end of his life, this poem is the fruit of his matured knowledge and experience. It is pointed out to us that Dante wrote as a theologian, as a “poetic Thomas Aquinas.” “Other poets, like Klopstock and Milton, have chosen Christian themes; but apart from the fact that they

wrote much less, of the Christian idea as a complete system which governs and sanctifies every sphere of human action, they had no notion. They knew nothing—and this is most important—of positive dogma, as promulgated by the Church and accepted by the consciences of the faithful. Its description was, therefore, utterly beyond them. Dante, on the contrary, is the poet of the Christian and Catholic conception of the universe. Catholic dogma is the Divine light which inspired his mighty genius and illuminated the three kingdoms of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise." The Schoolmen's theory that "all things earthly, every expression of human knowledge and art, are rays of light from God, the eternal truth and love," "is the central idea of the *Divina Commedia* as it is the foundation of Christian philosophy."

Again, we are told that to many the poem must necessarily be somewhat obscure. "A poem whose purpose is to solve the problems of the universe can only be understood after patient study. The eternal truths it contains are set forth in scholastic terms or in the language of Catholic mysticism, whilst the subject itself and its mode of treatment alike present to most readers almost insuperable difficulties. . . . Many persons, after reading a few stanzas, come across passages which are either obscure or distasteful to modern refinement, and, losing patience, throw the book aside. Others are deterred from its perusal by the fact that the *Commedia* require a greater intellectual effort than the current literature, the '*belles lettres* of the day ;' whilst others, again, attracted by the grandeur of the conception, the magic charm of its language, and its noble sentiments, have either interpreted its obscure passages in a rationalistic or unsound mystical sense, or have seen in it only an exposition of their own political views." The symbolism and characteristics of the *Commedia* are treated of next. We will but extract the following words: "The explanation of the Poem, which we have given is the tradition of five hundred years. Man, in the person of Dante, is its subject. He is hindered by sin from advancing in the path of virtue, until Divine Wisdom, Beatrice, having taken Reason, Virgil, into her service, goes forth to rescue him. Deeply moved by the terrible penalties of Hell and its lessons of the hideousness of sin, Dante is purified by contrition and penance, and at length conducted by Beatrice into the joys of Paradise." The three portions of the poem are next taken in detail. Every page throws new light on these mysterious

realms beyond the grave; their beauty and their truth are pointed out by one who thoroughly appreciates and understands. Writing of the *Inferno*, Dr. Hettinger says: "The triumph of Divine Justice before which all that is best in man, his feelings of compassion, of love, must bow in silence, constitutes the greatness of the *Commedia*: "Justice the Founder of my fabric moved." The power of the Father, the wisdom of the Son, the love of the Holy Ghost co-operated to produce the eternal torments of Hell." The *Purgatorio* "typifies man's cleansing from sin and his striving after the freedom of the sons of God." The *Paradiso* "symbolizes the final end of man and of all true Christian mysticism, his perfect union with God in knowledge and in love." Of the chapters treating of the theology of the *Commedia*, all we can say of them is, that they form quite a little compendium of theology, brilliant with illustration at every point from the Poem: God, One in Three, the Incarnation, the ever-Blessed Virgin Mary, the Angels, Man, the Fall, the Resurrection, the Church, Sacraments, Indulgences, Prayer. What strikes us at once is Dante's marvellous accuracy, his clearness of vision. These chapters justify Dr. Hettinger's remarkable saying: "Were all the libraries in the world destroyed, and the Holy Scriptures with them, the whole Catholic system of doctrine and morals might be almost reconstructed out of the *Divina Commedia*."

The chapters entitled "Dante and Reform," "The Church and the Empire" should be read carefully. Just as Protestantism hailed Savonarola as a herald of reform, and placed his statue by the side of that of Luther at Worms, so the leaders of revolution and free thought claim Dante as a champion of their cause, and crown his bust with their laurels—as Father Bowden, in his excellent Preface, remarks. Dante, in his political theories, was often led away by the ideal and unreal, and often by feelings of personal bitterness and resentment. His views of the relation of the Papacy and the Empire are as false as they are unhistorical. But that Dante was an unloyal son of the Church and the Holy See, is refuted by every page of Dr. Hettinger's work. Dante's Emperor "is no grasping oppressor, but the impersonation of justice and charity, and from him, as from an exalted and living centre, the world would be renewed." "The poet's idea of the Papacy is embodied in the titles of honour which he bestows upon the Pope. He is the High Priest, the Shepherd and Guide of the flock, the Spouse of the Church, who

is his Bride, and his chair is at Rome. He is the Vicar of Christ, the Head of the world, the Father of fathers, to whom all owe reverence, even the Emperor himself, as the first-born son to his father; "the Chief Pontiff, . . . successor to Peter." Therefore the Papacy is the highest, holiest dignity, and to renounce it, "the great renunciation—*il gran rifiuto*."

In conclusion we have but to remark that the translation is exceedingly well done. There is not a dry or ill-written, or uninteresting page in the book from beginning to end. Father Bowden's preface is most valuable; and is enriched with a letter from his Eminence Cardinal Manning. The book is handsomely bound and the printing excellent. We sincerely trust this work will be as widely read and appreciated as it deserves to be. To Father Bowden all lovers of Dante owe a debt of deep gratitude: we take the present opportunity of expressing our own.

7.—THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.¹

The thoughts of a high-minded and high-principled man like the Vicomte de Bonald are well worth preserving. The stirring times in which he lived, and his social position, gave him ample opportunities of exercising his great intellectual powers, and in his *Reflections on divers subjects*, which have recently been published, he paints himself to us in a fragmentary way indeed, but with sufficient vividness to show what manner of man he was, courageous enough both to admit the evils of the *regime* which was passing away in his day, and no less courageous in defending the accompanying good features which were being swept away with the evil.

Dying in 1840 at the age of eighty-six, he had time to see the beginnings of many of the political and social movements which are still running their course, and whose ultimate fate he seems to have foreseen with rare precision. Living at the time when the so-called "Liberal opinions" were enjoying their greatest successes in France, M. de Bonald writes:

Les idées libérales seront pour les esprits ce que les assignats ont été pour les fortunes, elles ont réussi aux premiers qui les ont employées, et elles ruineront les derniers possesseurs, qui ne sauront où les placer.

Some of his apophthegms are truly remarkable, and show a keen, though some might be inclined to say academic, insight

¹ *Pensées sur divers sujets*. Par le Vicomte de Bonald. Paris: Plon, 1887.

into principles of government, especially for France, and their truth is brought out by the ill-success which has attended their systematic violation by the obscure gentlemen who now make their living as French politicians.

L'administration doit faire peu pour les plaisirs du peuple, assez pour ses besoins, et tout pour ses vertus.

The ephemeral French ministries invert M. de Bonald's order with so much thoroughness that there is not very much *vertu* left for coming politicians to legislate "against," which makes one fear that the great nation which he loved so well will verify the sad alternative of his own prediction, "La France, premier né de la civilisation européenne, sera la première à renaître—ou à périr."

Deeply, perhaps in some respects too deeply, impressed with reverence for the past, De Bonald takes a gloomy view of the Europe of his day :

On connaît en Europe la balance des pouvoirs, la balance du commerce, la balance des États. Il n'y manque que la balance de la justice.

When it is possible, *inter alia*, forcibly to abduct a reigning Prince, with complete impunity, it seems that the balance of European justice, somewhat awry in his day, is still pretty well out of equilibrium.

Naturally some of M. de Bonald's thoughts turn on England, and they are at times expressed with outspoken honesty.

Là où la Société sera constituée sur des principes peu naturels, il y aura beaucoup d'esprits faux, de caractères bizarres, d'esprits singuliers, d'imagination déréglées. . . . Après les changements religieux et politiques arrivés en Angleterre sous Henri VIII., on remarqua dans cette île une prodigieuse quantité de fous, et il y a encore plus d'hommes singuliers que partout ailleurs.

We cannot always see ourselves as others see us, and had he lived to see, let us say, the vagaries of the Salvation Army, for example, he might be inclined to adhere to his original opinions. But he is not always quite so hard upon us.

Heureusement pour l'Angleterre, elle a conservé de vieux sentiments avec, ou plutôt, malgré ses institutions. En France, on avait travaillé à nous ôter nos sentiments avant de changer nos institutions. La révolution d'Angleterre fut un accident, la nôtre a été un système.

This is just, and neatly expressed, and comes home to us with something of the appropriateness of his hit at the unseasonable

springs which seem to have existed in his time no less than in this present year.

Le monde moral et politique *comme le monde physique*, n'a plus in printemps ni automne. On ne voit qu' opinions qui glacent, ou opinions qui brulent.

Without agreeing with all his opinions, one cannot help feeling the vigour and freshness, and appreciating the justice of most of what M. de Bonald says, and one can hardly lay down these disconnected jottings without a sense of gratitude that they have been preserved for future generations to read, and, we may hope, turn to good account.

8.—HOW TO MAKE A SAINT.¹

This is a humorous and clever satire on the efforts of Anglicans to "pose" as veritable members of the Catholic Church. The recent Beatification of the English Martyrs suggests to some Ritualist clergymen and Sisters the absence of any saints in the Church of England since the Reformation. The matter is discussed, and a society formed for the Propagation of Anglican Saints, or the S.P.A.S. A public meeting is held, one speaker suggests that no saints should be made except those writers who were stanch Conservatives, another adds the proviso that they should be "gentlemen," and a third that they should be "University men." A Low Church clergyman puts forwards the names of "Tate and Brady," to be added to St. Cecilia on the 22nd of November, so that the prayer to her would run: "SS. Cecilia, Tate, and Brady, pray for us," besides other amusing suggestions, as that on Primrose Day they should celebrate the "Feast of the Holy Public Worship Act;" and on the feast of Conversion of St. Paul should add a "Commemoration of the Perversion of Cardinal Newman." These details, however, are referred to a sub-committee, and a general resolution is passed that—

This meeting is of opinion that the Church of England should either claim its power to canonize saints, or repudiate canonization and saints altogether (p. 43).

The next step is to consult the Archbishop of Mercia, who

¹ *How to make a Saint ; or the Process of Canonization in the Church of England.* By The Frig. London : Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co., 1887.

pertinently asks what method it is proposed to pursue in the process of canonization :

"The first thing," said Mr. Smiles, "would be that a Bishop should inquire into the reputation of the persons to be canonized ; the second to prove a *Non Cultus*."

"To prove a *what* ?" asked the Archbishop.

"A *Non Cultus*. That is to say, to show that the holy persons, for whom canonization is to be asked, have not been honoured as Saints without proper ecclesiastical authority."

"Dear me," replied his Grace. "There would not be very much difficulty about that, I should imagine" (p. 49).

The Archbishop insists—not on prayer—but on asking counsel's opinion, and the result is a suggestion that in some church statues should be erected and prayers said in honour of the saints to be canonized, and proceedings be taken *pro forma* by three parishioners against the rector of the church. A committee of the S.P.A.S. is appointed and four Saints are agreed upon. St. Richard Hooker, Conf. Doct., St. William Laud, Bp. and Mart., St. Samuel Johnson, Conf. Doct., and St. Hannah More, Virg. Statues of the Saints are set up in the church of the Rev. Mr. Maniple and a solemn service held on a certain Sunday evening, when the statues are exposed for veneration and a panegyric of the four Saints is preached. The images of the new Saints were made by a celebrated firm in Bavaria.

In St. Hannah More's statue, the female costume of the early part of this century was faithfully followed. Her large black bonnet was surmounted by an aureole of unusual magnificence. In her right hand she held a rod, as an emblem of her usefulness as a schoolmistress. Under her left arm she carried a volume on which was written the name of her famous book—"Practical Piety," and under her right foot was a torn volume, with "stage plays" upon its cover, in illustration of the legend that she even relinquished the practice of writing sacred dramas, in order to lead a life of retirement and holiness. Her inscription was simply, "St. Hannah More, Virg." (pp. 72, 73.)

For the account of the subsequent legal proceedings and the final decision of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council substituting the word *Poor* for *Saint* on the said statues, we must refer our readers to the Prig's amusing little work.

9.—DEUS HOMO.¹

Mr. Fletcher is an eloquent pleader ; he feels very strongly, and his poems are an outcome of his feeling. Loving truth and justice, above all, loving the Supreme Truth, he overflows with sorrow and indignation at the denial of that Truth, and the perhaps still worse indifference displayed towards it by men ; at the selfishness of the world ; and its neglect for the poor—the “Brothers of Christ.” We would fain quote a few words from Mr. Fletcher’s Preface ; we think them very true, and worth considering well :

The thing that is needed to-day in our land is Thoroughness. Let us be thorough or we are worth nothing. . . . To-day and for many days past we have been steadily slipping towards the abyss of unrest which is euphemized under the titles of scientific doubt, philosophical inquiry, march of mind, and so on. The man now-a-days who owns to the possession of a child-like confidence in matters of belief is looked upon as a superstitious zealot, or branded as the victim of credulous sentiment. In the palace, in the cottage, in the study of the scientist and the workshop of the artisan, in so-called places of worship and at the corners of our streets, the truths of eighteen centuries are flouted and made light of. Men have died at the stake for them ; but the world reckes little of martyrdom. It will cheerfully sacrifice the lives of ten thousand soldiers to gain one yard of foreign land, but it is not in its nature to understand why one man should lay down his life for the Truth. Self-interest it does and can comprehend ; what else should it believe in, seeing that its end and aim is self ?

“Deus Homo,” as well as most of the other poems in this volume, are intended as a protest against this wide-spread infidelity, this selfishness, this deadly indifferentism. As we have intimated, these poems are instinct with feeling, and written with taste. We will give a few quotations, as our space will not admit of more. The following lines are from “Deus Homo :”

And what is Truth ? It is to know
That Thou art God ; to look to Thee
For every rule of life, and see
Thy Hand in all that’s good below.
Yea, it was Truth he uttered there,
Who said that Thou art most displayed
In wisdom and in goodness made
Apparent to the eyes of men.

¹ *Deus Homo*, and other Poems. By J. S. Fletcher. London : R. Washbourne, 1887.

And what is Grace? It is the seed
Which Thy hand sows, which Thou doest bless,
Which Thou dost cherish and caress
Through hours of woe and times of need.

And what is Life? It is to turn
To Thee, O Christ, alone to Thee!
To feel Thee near us and to be
So near Thee that our spirits burn.

To be even nearer. Nothing less
Is Life, than this :—Thou art its whole,
Its Crown, its Summit, and Thy Soul
The comfort of its weariness.

The author points out how the love of Christ sanctifies our earthly affections; nay, how these affections are from Him:

Think not, O best and truest wife,
That earthly love is not of Him,
To whom such love is but the dim
And faint reflection of the life

Of love wherein He loveth all.
The love with which I look on thee
Gains strength and power because on me
The shadow of His love did fall.

Of Mr. Fletcher's other poems, those in sonnet form are the least successful performances. But his blank verse is excellent: we are sorry there is only one piece—"Fra Giuseppe's Sermon"—in this metre. We hope Mr. Fletcher will try something more ambitious in this verse. "Midnight in the Strand" is a touching little piece; it has been published before. Equally touching are the lines entitled "Real Presence"—a way-worn beggar meeting a tattered, wretched little creature.

He looked at the child: at his side he stopped
And into its hand his last penny dropped.

Then he passed along with a half-breathed sigh
And said "He wanted it more than I."

And in him, as he passed, my heart adored:
The Living Presence of Christ the Lord!

"Christ's Brother" is a plea for Christ's outcast little ones. We will close our notice with the following quotation from it:

O world, sweep on! Be happy in thy spending,
Live for thy little day;
Nor pause to think that in thy pleasure's ending
Thou shalt be swept away.

Thou knowest not that this poor child of sorrow
 Whose limbs are cold and bare,
 Shall be when Now is changed into To-morrow,
 Christ's Brother and God's Heir.

We are sure Mr. Fletcher's book will find a responsive echo in every generous heart. For ourselves we gladly give it welcome. The volume is very neatly bound ; and the printing especially good.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

Father Bampfield's Letter to Canon Wenham¹ is of intense interest to any one who has at heart the future of the Catholic Church in England. It is from beginning to end full of most valuable suggestions, perhaps the more valuable because some of them will certainly not meet with universal acceptance. Indeed, we gather that Father Bampfield's own view on the subject of clubs did not meet with approval in a little conference in which he took part. "Open air preaching," again, would be a very bold experiment, vulgarized as it is by the cant of the average Methodist who deals out his string of tenets in the Park on a Sunday afternoon. We are sorry that we cannot discuss Father Bampfield's proposals in our present number. We hope we may be able to do so in our next. We will only echo his wish that the subject may be discussed at some conference of priests, or perhaps, better still, of priests and laymen combined. The time has come for some vigorous attempt to check the "Leakage" that we all lament. Conferences may end in words, but we think that a conference of those who are painfully conscious of their responsibility before God in this respect cannot fail to lead sooner or later to action being taken. We recommend this pamphlet, and recommend it strongly, to the perusal of our readers.

A Manual of Prayers for Congregational Use,² drawn up by the order of the Cardinal Archbishop and Bishops of the

¹ *Our Losses*: A Letter to the Very Rev. J. G. Canon Wenham. By Rev. G. Bampfield. London: Burns and Oates; St. Anselm's Society.

² *Manual of Prayers for Congregational Use*. Version prescribed by the Cardinal Archbishop and Bishops of England. Richardson.

Province of Westminster will be welcome to every priest. The variety of versions hitherto in use has been most perplexing. Uniformity is always an advantage, especially in these days of frequent travel. We miss one or two old friends from this Manual—particularly the traditional English translations for the Way of the Cross, which were of exquisite beauty, and the prayers in common use after the various mysteries of the Rosary, but we suppose there was some good reason for the change. A Manual recommended by authority will be preferred by all good Catholics to books of their own choice, and the collection appears to meet all the needs of a parish congregation.

It is but a few months since we spoke of the most useful abridgment of Father Lehmkuhl's great work,³ and although it consisted of two thousands copies a new edition of four thousand has already been called for. Such a fact speaks for itself, and the unanimous voice of the Catholic Press adds its testimony to the value of this most carefully executed compendium. As we have so lately spoken of the first edition we need only say that, with the exception of a few changes which recent decrees made necessary, and some verbal alterations for the sake of clearness, the second edition is a reprint of the first. We are convinced that it will not be many months before yet another issue will be called for.

Messrs. Gill and Son have published a People's Edition of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's *Young Ireland*.⁴ It is a vivid description from personal knowledge of the stirring events of the four eventful years which culminated in the State trials of 1849. It is only by reading the history of Ireland that it is possible to understand her present attitude. It is the misery, the suffering, the oppression of the past, that are now producing their inevitable consequences. The four years before us witnessed the struggle into existence of the party of Young Ireland, the dangers through which the "Confederates" passed by reason of divisions in their counsels, the misery and horrors of the famine, the rising under O'Brien and its utter failure. One cannot read these pages without being struck by the identity of temper under very different circumstances in the Young Ireland of

³ *Compendium Theologiae Moralis*. Auctore Augustino Lehmkuhl. Editio altera. Freiburg: Herder, 1887.

⁴ *Young Ireland*. Part II. Four Years of Irish History. By Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son.

1845 and the Irish party of to-day. If the rising of 1847 was a failure, the events which led to it were a necessary step in the movement which in the present day has placed Young Ireland in a very different position from that which she occupied forty years since.

The present volume of *Contemplations and Meditations*⁵ will be a welcome addition to the volumes already published. The French author, as far as we are aware, is not known; but this work displays a very genuine love for our Lord, and for the saints whom He has so greatly honoured. There is an entire absence of exaggeration from these pages; the considerations are very practical; and the conclusions drawn such as bear on the every-day life of the Christian. The form of the meditations is all that could be desired, and renders them very suitable, especially for beginners in the holy science of the saints. These volumes will be a treasure to those whose exterior occupations leave little time for preparing a meditation; the preludes are given in full; the points distinctly enunciated, and then worked out at sufficient length; and the practical fruit suggested. A suitable motto is given for each day. The volumes are of a very convenient size, and well got up.

The *Catholic Keepsake*⁶ is a handsome volume, containing suitable extracts from standard writers of the present day. Among the names of the contributors are Cardinal Newman, Father Faber, Aubrey de Vere, Lady Georgiana Fullerton, Denis Florence M'Carthy, &c. The book is well printed, and got up with taste and care, and is well adapted for a birthday present or school prize.

Mr. Dering has re-published in pamphlet form, and with some additions, his articles in *THE MONTH* on "Esoteric Buddhism."⁷ The publication is a very timely one. "Esoteric" Buddhism is the latest novelty of Atheism, the fashionable dress under which the devil seems to cloak his native hideousness. It is not the garb of one which completely hides its wearer. The cloven foot and tail peep out clearly enough, and there is a fetid odour around which can arise only from the pit

⁵ *Contemplations and Meditations* for the feasts of the Blessed Virgin and the Saints, according to the method of St. Ignatius. Translated from the French by a Sister of Mercy. Revised by the Rev. W. H. Eyre. S.J. London: Burns and Oates, Limited, 1887.

⁶ *The Catholic Keepsake*. London: Burns and Oates.

⁷ *Esoteric Buddhism*, the new Gospel of Atheism. By Edward Heneage Dering. London: Washbourne.

of hell. Mr. Dering in his pamphlet boldly tears the cloak, and shows to his readers the devil beneath. He speaks plainly enough. We think he a little overshoots his mark in warning his readers against the "apparently innocent game of thought reading." But it is just as well to keep on the safe side, and if we ever fancy that we see the devil in the distance, it is the mark of a prudent man to make off in the opposite direction.

Mr. Ambrose Lee has published a short *Life of Blessed Margaret of Salisbury*,⁸ the last of the Plantagenets, a dame whose martyrdom was the brightest gem in the crown of honour that belongs to her royal race. She was born in 1471, at Farley Castle, and was the daughter of the ill-fated Clarence. Little is known of her early life. She probably shared her brother's imprisonment during the reign of Richard the Third. On Henry the Seventh's accession she was married to Richard Pole. After her husband's death she was the friend and constant companion of the unhappy Queen Catherine, after whose death she was arrested, and after some years' imprisonment in Cowdray Castle and in the Tower, she was barbarously put to death in 1541, as the faithful adherent and representative of the Catholic party in England. When her son, Cardinal Pole, heard of his mother's death, "Now," he said, "I am the son of a martyr." Mr. Lee gives an elaborate genealogy of the Blessed Margaret's family, and an engraving from a contemporary picture, and his little book is elegantly got up, with the Plantagenet arms stamped upon the cover.

The Catholic Truth Society continues its valuable series of publications. We have long sought for a practical and intelligible explanation of *Extra ecclesiam nulla salus* such as might satisfy a reasonable Protestant, and we rejoice to see that one has been issued by them signed by the well-known initials, H. J. D. R.⁹ The teaching of the Church is clearly and concisely stated on this difficult point, and we feel sure that the little tract will be useful not merely to Protestants, but to Catholics, who have it thrown in their teeth that their Church teaches that there is no salvation for the most virtuous of mankind outside the Church.

⁸ *Blessed Margaret of Salisbury*. A Sketch of the Life and Times of the Last of the Plantagenets. By G. Ambrose Lee. London: B. F. Laslett and Co., 12, Fulham Road.

⁹ *Out of the Church there is no Salvation*. London: Catholic Truth Society.

Other useful tracts are one on the Suppression of the Second Commandment,¹⁰ and another on the Royal Supremacy.¹¹ The former meets a common Protestant difficulty, and the latter is full of useful information.

Among those whose names may be forgotten on earth but are remembered in Heaven was Miss Catherine Boys, a lady who truly did the work of an apostle in the little town of Deal. Her panegyric¹² by the late Father Ambrose St. John has been reprinted, and is full of interest, not only on account of its subject, but because of its having been penned by one who is held in affectionate remembrance by all who knew him.

The Stories for our Lady's month comprise two from the accomplished pen of Lady Herbert;¹³ the Poems,¹⁴ among others, several marked with an asterisk as being by non-Catholics. Some of these are well enough, but we wish that Keble's *Ave Maria* had been omitted, recalling as it does in the line—

Favoured beyond archangel's dream,

the brutal disrespect of the Anglican version of the New Testament for the Holy Mother of God, while the last verse is brimful of the vague unreality of Anglicanism—

Ave Maria ! thou whose name
All but adoring love may claim,
Yet may we reach thy shrine ;
For He, thy Son and Saviour, vows
To crown all lowly lofty brows
With love and joy like thine.

¹⁰ *Does the Catholic Church Suppress the Second Commandment?* London : Catholic Truth Society.

¹¹ *Henry the Eighth and the Royal Supremacy.* London : Catholic Truth Society.

¹² *Miss Catherine Boys : A Sermon* by Rev. Ambrose St. John. London : Catholic Truth Society.

¹³ *The Catholic's Penny Library of Tales.* No. 6. London : Catholic Truth Society.

¹⁴ *Poems for our Lady's Month.* London : Catholic Truth Society.

II.—MAGAZINES.

Cremation is not likely to become an established custom amongst civilized nations, yet it is not, as is well-known, without advocates, and the recent movement in its favour was considered of sufficient importance to receive the formal condemnation of the Holy Office. In the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach*, Father Marty considers the question in the light of its own history. The first modern attempt at reviving this pagan manner of disposing of the bodies of the dead, was made during the horrors of the French Revolution, when in the desire to un-Christianize everything, the very graveyards were put to secular purposes and the burial services abolished. Father Kneller, in concluding his essay on the character of the persecutions under Nero and Domitian, silences the objectors who would overthrow the tradition of centuries, and deny to the victims who fell in those persecutions the right to be honoured amongst the Church's martyrs. In another article we have an account of the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, its organization and active operation. It was founded fifty years ago, with the sum of 541,000 dollars, bequeathed to the United States for this purpose, and consists of a national museum and library. It also provides for the publication of scientific works, and affords scientists and savants pecuniary help, or the instruments necessary for the pursuit of their researches. It is besides of cosmopolitan interest, on account of the international correspondence and exchange of thought maintained with the chief towns of Europe.

The *Katholik* for April contains much of interest for the reader. The opening article comments on the method in which biblical criticism is conducted by non-Catholics, with special reference to the recent critical analysis of the books of the Pentateuch, carried on with the object of superseding the traditional interpretation of the Old Testament, and destroying the foundation whereon the New Testament rests. In the false and misleading system of these modern writers—published in a popular and attractive form—revelation has no place, and a supernatural factor in the history and religious institutions of the Jewish people is ignored; everything being explained on rationalistic

principles, and attributed to natural causes. From the pen of a Benedictine Father we have a short article on the origin of the canonical hours, or rather of Lauds and Vespers, since for these alone a solemn ceremonial was prescribed. This service, in which praise and thanksgiving is the leading feature, with intercession for the people, dates from Apostolic times, and is said to correspond to the prayers of the Jews in the Temple at the time of the morning and evening sacrifice. Dr. Kayser contributes an apologia for the Religious Orders, pointing out their great importance to the Church and society, and enumerating some of the many ways in which they have proved themselves the salt of the earth, and have rendered good service to their fellow-men, in secular as well as spiritual matters. The essay, critical and explanatory, of a portion of St. Thomas' teaching is concluded. The writer ventures to differ from him on some points, but acknowledges that in general the discoveries of natural science corroborate the doctrine of the angelic doctor. We must also mention the notice of Steffani, whose singular abilities won for him distinction in the triple character of musical composer, statesman, and prelate; and an account of the catacomb of St. Felicitas, recently discovered by the Chevalier de Rossi, containing the long-sought fresco-painting of the Saint, surrounded by her seven sons who were martyrs.

In a former number the *Civiltà Cattolica* answered some accusations brought against the Holy Father by a prominent Italian statesman in reference to the letters addressed by the late Cardinal Jacobini to the German Government. It now (885) replies to the utterances of the President of the Council, who bids the Catholics of Germany pay no attention to the complaints of the Pope in regard to his position in Rome, on the ground that the Italian people willingly acquiesce in the present state of affairs, and that in time the Holy Father will grow weary of ineffectual protestations. In a second article on the same subject (886) the *Civiltà* reminds its readers that for eighteen years it has continued to maintain that the Roman Question has not been settled either by the bayonet or the Guarantee laws, and events have proved the truth of the assertion. With the exception of a certain minority all Italians now feel that some alteration in the relations of Church and State is necessary; many plans have been suggested to effect a reconciliation, but the only condition upon which this is possible is by restoring to the Church

all of which she has been wrongfully deprived. The series of articles on Philology, and on Political Economy are continued: the treatise on the structure and uses of the *Nuraghi* or towers of Sardinia, several instalments of which, constituting the first chapter, have already appeared in the *Civiltà*, proves to be too extensive for its pages, and will therefore be discontinued. For the benefit of those who are interested in the study of these ancient and singular erections, it is stated that the entire work will shortly be published. The scientific notes are well worth reading.

In the *Association Catholique* for May the series of articles on the action of the Church on social questions and on the organization of labour are continued. The greater part of the number, however, is occupied with a review of current events, and a record of the varied activity of the *Cercles Catholiques*, the great Catholic working-men's organization established by the Count de Mun. The *Association Catholique* reproduces Cardinal Gibbon's memoir on the Knights of Labour, and Cardinal Manning's letter on the same subject, and then points to the utterances of these "two princes of the Church, one placed at the head of the American episcopate, the other the chief of the clergy of England," as notable signs of the times.

Hitherto [it says] the world has been governed by dynasties. Henceforth the Holy See will have to deal with peoples, and with the Episcopate acting in close union with the people. What a future this opens to the Church! Treated as an enemy, despised, oppressed by princes, or tolerated in certain States only in virtue of Concordats which have become, in the hands of the civil power, instruments to oppress her, will not the Church be able to reconquer her liberty and that command of the social order which Christ bequeathed to her, by dealing directly with the people, and freeing herself from ties which have often been the means of misrepresenting her character in the popular mind, and limiting her action upon the people.

In another part of the review some pages are devoted to the Irish Crimes Bill, and the writer asks ironically if the English Government means to solve the problem of Irish poverty and evictions by giving all the malcontents six months' free board and lodging in the gaols.

In the *Réforme Sociale* for May, an article on the land question holds the place of honour. The author, M. Urbain Guérin, deals specially with the agricultural depression in

France. He speaks of three possible remedies—namely, reforms in the land law, a further development of scientific cultivation, and protection. This last remedy is much more popular with continental economists than it is here in England. It comes up at every turn. The era of general free trade is still a long way off. Amongst the other articles a detailed report on the condition of the mining districts in Belgium has a special interest on account of the recent renewal of the disturbances of last year. In many respects the Belgian miners are very much in the position in which our English miners were forty years ago. But the bad state of affairs is aggravated by the fact that most of the mines have been sunk to depths at which it is not easy to work them profitably.

The chief feature of the *Revue Générale* for the last few months has been Count Grabinski's very interesting series of articles on the recent history and actual condition of Bulgaria. In the May number there is a remarkable article on the German Universities at the period of the Reformation. This article is really a chapter from the new French translation of Dr. Janssen's now world-famous history of the German people. The translation is in process of publication in Belgium. It appears to be very carefully done, and will make this great work accessible to many students who cannot read it in the original. The chapter on the Universities shows how well prepared they were to be the hot-beds of heresy and revolt against Rome, and one understands the Reformation better when one realizes with Dr. Janssen's help, what was the atmosphere in which the clergy of the period were educated, before the salutary reforms effected at Trent had led to the establishment of diocesan seminaries. The opening article of the review is from the able pen of M. Woeste, a member of the Belgian Parliament. Its subject is the working of parliamentary institutions in democratic states. One is apt to forget that Parliament has only within the last half century become, both in England and abroad, a purely democratic institution. The Parliament of a hundred years ago was elected chiefly by the aristocracy. Parliament has now to work under new conditions, to deal with new questions, to discharge new functions in the modern state; and to a far greater extent than most men realize, the saying is true that parliamentary institutions are upon their trial.

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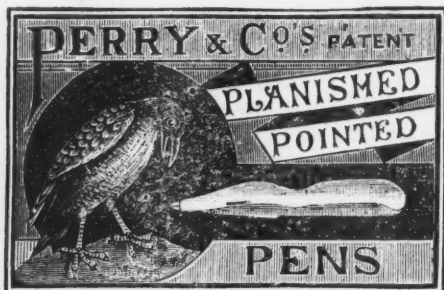
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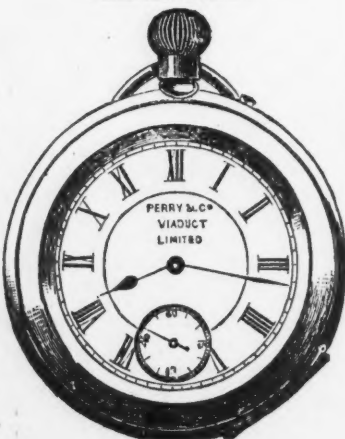
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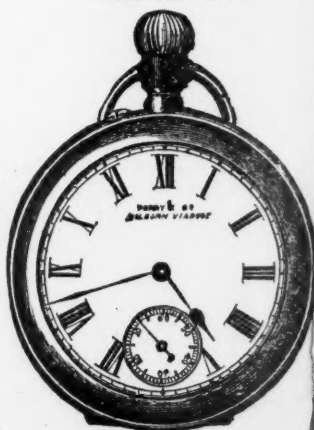
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